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The KINGS TREASURIES
OF LITERATURE

GENERAL EDITOR
SIR A·T· QUILLER COUCH

KENNETH GRAHAME

NEW·YORK· E·P·DUTTON·AND·CO·IN

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WINGED WORDS

An Anthology of Prose & Verse

Edited by
Guy N. Pocock
M·A·

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INTRODUCTION

(To Boys and Girls at School)

I AM going to ask an important question, and suggest the answer myself. What is the most valuable thing a boy or a girl can learn at school when once the actual difficulties of reading, writing, and 'figuring', have been overcome? I suggest without any hesitation at all that by far the most important and valuable thing is the *habit of reading*. For that habit is the key to the Englishman's birthright, the most wonderful literature in the world. When I say 'reading' I mean, of course, reading with judgment. If you get the habit of reading twaddle, the chances are that you will remain twaddle-minded all your life. But if once you learn to read with delight everything that is really worth reading, a new and wonderful world will be open to you forever.

This habit of reading good books is more than ever important in these difficult days. Never before have so many men and women had so much leisure to fill; and it is likely that in years to come the number of working hours will become less, and obviously the number of leisure hours more. What are you going to do with these hours of leisure, especially later on when games no longer appeal? Lucky you will be then if you are one of those who

acquired while still at school this habit of reading good books. For while nothing in the world is more dreadful than 'having nothing to do', there is no better way of spending one's leisure hours than in reading the great things written by great writers, and making their thoughts our own.

But most boys and girls leave school when they are fourteen or fifteen. Is it possible at that age to get a real insight into the wonders of English literature? I am sure it is. You can at least be *introduced* to what is best in literature, and be shown what *great* prose and *great* poetry mean. When your taste and judgment have been trained in this way, you will find a new delight in the books you read for your own pleasure out of school.

Here is a little book of poems and passages by great writers from Shakespeare to the present day. Every one of them is a little unit in itself, and will give you an idea of the particular *kind* of greatness which was the author's. Many of them, perhaps most of them, should make you want to read more by the same man. Nearly all are simple and straightforward; and those few which require and deserve closer thought and study may well be left to the last. Notice, too, that poem and prose passage have been arranged throughout the little book so that they may be *compared* in one way or another. Sometimes the subjects are identical, sometimes similar, sometimes just hinting at the same underlying thought. It is good to compare one writer with another, one subject

with a similar theme, and prose with poetry. It is good, too, to compare the merits of poems or passages, as far as your judgment will allow. Why, for instance, do you think a poem such as 'Alexander Selkirk' is included in a book which contains work by Shakespeare, and Keats, and Shelley, and Wordsworth?

It is hoped then, that such a book as this will help boys and girls to form the habit of reading while still at school, and lay the foundations of literary taste and judgment that will last through life. Believe me, that is the best thing you can get out of school!

G. N. P.

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NOTE

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WINGÉD WORDS

LINES IN PRAISE OF ENGLAND

THIS royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Feared by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renownèd for their deeds as far from home,
(For Christian service and true chivalry),
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessèd Mary's Son:
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world, . . .

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE CELESTIAL CITY

Now upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them. Wherefore being come up out of the river, they saluted them, saying: We are ministering Spirits, sent forth to minister for those that shall be Heirs of Salvation. Thus they went along towards the gate.

Now you must note, that the City stood upon a mighty hill; but the Pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; they had likewise left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the City was framed was higher than the clouds; they therefore went up through the regions of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted because they safely got over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them.

The talk they had with the shining ones was about the glory of the place; who told them that the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible. There, said they, is the Mount Sion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect. You are going now, said they, to the Paradise of God, wherein you shall see

the tree of life, and eat of the never-fading fruits thereof: and when you come there you shall have white robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King, even all the days of eternity. There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower regions upon the earth; to wit, sorrow, sickness, affliction, and death. For the former things are passed away. . . .

Now while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the Heavenly Host came out to meet them; to whom it was said by the other two shining ones: These are the men that have loved our Lord, when they were in the world, and that have left all for His holy name; and He hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy. Then the Heavenly Host gave a great shout, saying, Blessed are they that are called to the marriage-supper of the Lamb. There came out also at this time to meet them several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who with melodious noises and loud made even the heavens to echo with their sound. Those trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the world; and this they did with shouting and sound of trumpet.

JOHN BUNYAN.

JERUSALEM

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
  When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
  Thy joys when shall I see?

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
  Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl;
  Exceeding rich and rare;

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
  Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
  As nowhere else are seen.

Quite through the streets with silver sound
  The flood of life doth flow,
Upon those banks on every side
  The wood of life doth grow.

Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall,
  Our pleasure is but pain,
Our joys scarce last the looking on,
  Our sorrows still remain.

But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end
Thy joys that I might see!

UNKNOWN WRITER (*c.* 1580).

ANGLER AND SCHOLAR

Piscator.[1] My honest Scholar, it is now past five of the clock, we will fish till nine, and then go to breakfast. Go you to yonder sycamore-tree, and hide your bottle of drink under the hollow root of it: for about that time, and in that place, we will make a brave breakfast with a piece of powdered[2] beef, and a radish or two that I have in my fish-bag; we shall, I warrant you, make a good, honest, wholesome, hungry breakfast, and I will then give you direction for the making and using of your flies; and in the meantime there is your rod and line; and my advice is, that you fish as you see me do, and let 's try which can catch the first fish.

[1] Fisherman. [2] Spiced.

Venator.[1] I thank you, Master; I will observe and practise your directions, as far as I am able.

Piscator. Look you, Scholar, you see I have hold of a good fish: I now see it is a trout; I pray put that net under him, and touch not my line, for if you do, then we break all. Well done, Scholar; I thank you.

Now for another. Trust me I have another bite: come, Scholar, come lay down your rod, and help me to land this as you did the other. So, now we shall be sure to have a good dish of fish for supper.

Venator. I am glad of that; but I have no fortune; sure, Master, yours is a better rod, and better tackling.

Piscator. Nay, then, take mine, and I will fish with yours. Look you, Scholar, I have another; come do as you did before. And now I have a bite at another. Oh me! he has broke all; there 's half a line and a good hook lost.

Venator. Ay, and a good trout too.

Piscator. Nay, the trout is not lost; for pray take notice, no man can lose what he never had.

Venator. Master, I can neither catch with the first nor second angle;[2] I have no fortune.

Piscator. Look you, Scholar, I have yet another: and now having caught three brace of trouts, I will tell you a short tale as we walk towards our breakfast: A scholar, a preacher I should say, that was to preach to procure the approbation of a parish, that he might be their lecturer, had got from his fellow-

[1] Hunter. [2] Fishhook.

pupil the copy of a sermon that was first preached with great commendation by him that composed it; and though the borrower of it preached it word for word as it was at first, yet it was utterly disliked as it was preached by the second to his congregation: which the sermon-borrower complained of to the lender of it, and was thus answered: 'I lent you indeed my fiddle, but not my fiddle-stick; for you are to know that every one cannot make music with my words, which are fitted for my own mouth'. And so, my Scholar, you are to know that, as the ill pronunciation or ill accenting of words in a sermon spoils it, so the ill carriage of your line, or not fishing even to a foot in a right place, makes you lose your labour: and you are to know, that though you have my fiddle, that is, my very rod and tackling with which you see I catch fish, yet you have not my fiddle-stick; that is, you yet have not skill to know how to carry your hand and line, nor how to guide it to a right place: and this must be taught you,—for you are to remember I told you angling is an art,—either by practice, or a long observation, or both. But take this for a rule, when you fish for a trout with a worm, let your line have so much, and no more lead than will fit the stream in which you fish; that is to say, more in a great troublesome stream than in a smaller that is quieter; as near as may be, so much as will sink the bait to the bottom, and keep it still in motion, and not more.

But now let 's say grace and fall to breakfast:

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what say you, Scholar, to the providence of an old angler? Does not this meat taste well? and was not this place well chosen to eat it? for this sycamore-tree will shade us from the sun's heat.

IZAAK WALTON.

THE HOCK-CART, OR HARVEST-HOME

COME, sons of summer, by whose toil
We are the lords of wine and oil;
By whose tough labours and rough hands,
We rip up first, then reap our lands.
Crowned with the ears of corn, now come,
And, to the pipe, sing Harvest Home!
Come forth, my lord, and see the cart
Drest up with all the country art:—
See, here a maukin,[1] there a sheet,
As spotless pure as it is sweet;
The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,
Clad all in linen white as lilies:—
The harvest swains and wenches bound
For joy, to see the hock-cart crowned.
About the cart hear how the rout
Of rural younglings raise the shout,
Pressing before, some coming after,
Those with a shout, and these with laughter.
Some bless the cart, some kiss the sheaves,
Some prank them up with oaken leaves;

[1] Cloth, napkin.

Some cross the fill-horse,[1] some with great
Devotion stroke the home-borne wheat;
While other rustics, less attent
To prayérs than to merriment,
Run after with their breeches rent.
Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's hearth,
Glitt'ring with fire, where, for your mirth,
Ye shall see first the large and chief
Foundation of your feast, fat beef!
With upper stories, mutton, veal,
And bacon, which makes full the meal;
With sev'ral dishes standing by,
As, here a custard, there a pie,
And here all-tempting frumenty.
And for to make the merry cheer,
If smirking wine be wanting here,
There 's that, which drowns all care, stout beer;
Which freely drink to your lord's health,
Then to the plough, the commonwealth,
Next to your flails, your fanes,[2] your fatts; [3]
Then to the maids with wheaten hats;
To the rough sickle, and crook't scythe,
Drink, frolic, boys, till all be blithe.
Feed and grow fat, and as ye eat,
Be mindful that the lab'ring neat,
As you, may have their fill of meat;
And know, besides, ye must revoke [4]
The patient ox unto the yoke,

[1] Fill-horse = thill-horse, shaft-horse.
[2] Fanes = winnowing-fans.
[3] Fatts = vats.
[4] Revoke = call back.

And all go back unto the plough
And harrow, though they 're hanged up now.
And, you must know, your lord's word 's true,
Feed him ye must, whose food fills you:
And that this pleasure is like rain,
Not sent ye for to drown your pain,
But for to make it spring again.

ROBERT HERRICK.

PAGES FROM PEPYS' DIARY

THE FIRE OF LONDON
SEPTEMBER 1666

2nd September (Lord's Day).—Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose, and slipped on my night-gown, and went to her window; and thought it to be on the backside of Mark Lane at the farthest; but, being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again, and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was, and farther off. So to my closet to set things to rights, after yesterday's cleaning.

By and by, Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down to-

night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower; and there got up upon one of the high places. Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge.

So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it began this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding Lane, and that it hath burned down St. Magnus's Church and most part of Fish Street already. So I down to the waterside, and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running farther, that in a very little time it got as far as the Steelyard, while I was there. Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them and then running into boats or clambering from one pair of stairs, by the waterside, to another. And, among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loath to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies, till they burned their wings, and fell down.

Having stayed, and in an hour's time, seen the fire range every way; and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire; and, having seen it get as far as the Steelyard, and the wind mighty high and driving it into the City; and everything, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, and, among other things, the poor steeple by which pretty Mrs. —— lives, and whereof my old schoolfellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down; I to Whitehall, with a gentleman with me, who desired to go off from the Tower, to see the fire, in my boat; and there up to the King's closet in the Chapel, where people came about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of York what I saw; and that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down, nothing could stop the fire.

They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bid me tell him that if he would have any more soldiers he shall; and so did my Lord Arlington afterwards, as a great secret. Here meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, and Creed with me to Paul's; and there walked along Watling Street, as well as I could, every creature coming away loaden

with goods to save, and here and there sick people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs.

At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning Street, like a man spent, with a handkerchief about his neck. To the King's message he cried, like a fainting woman: 'Lord! what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it'. That he needed no more soldiers; and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home, seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames Street; and warehouses of oil, and wines, and brandy, and other things.

Here I saw Mr. Isaac Houblon, the handsome man, prettily dressed and dirty, at his door at Dowgate, receiving some of his brother's things, whose houses were on fire; and, as he says, have been removed twice already; and he doubts, as it soon proved, that they must be in a little time removed from his house also, which was a sad consideration. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people who themselves should have been quietly there at this time. By this time it was about twelve o'clock; and so home, and there find my guests, who were Mr. Wood and his wife Barbary Sheldon, and also Mr. Moone;

she mighty fine, and her husband, for aught I see, a likely man.

But Mr. Moone's design and mine, which was to look over my closet, and please him with the sight thereof, which he hath long desired, was wholly disappointed; for we were in great trouble and disturbance at this fire, not knowing what to think of it. However, we had an extraordinary good dinner, and as merry as at this time we could be. While at dinner, Mrs. Batelier came to enquire after Mr. Woolfe and Stanes, who, it seems, are related to them, whose houses in Fish Street are all burned, and they in a sad condition. She would not stay in the fright.

Soon as dined, I and Moone away, and walked through the City, the streets full of nothing but people and horses and carts loaden with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Canning Street, which received goods in the morning, into Lombard Street, and farther; and, among others, I now saw my little goldsmith, Stokes, receiving some friend's goods, whose house itself was burned the day after. . . .

Having seen as much as I could now, I away to Whitehall by appointment, and there walked to St. James's Park; and there met my wife, and Creed, and Wood and his wife, and walked to my boat; and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still increasing, and the wind great.

So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's face in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little alehouse on the Bank-side, over against the Three Cranes, and there stayed till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. . . .

We stayed till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire, and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruin.

So home with a sad heart, and there find everybody discoursing and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater came with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which was burned upon Fish Street Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods, but was deceived in his lying there, the news coming every moment of the growth of the fire so as we were forced to begin to pack up our own goods, and prepare for their removal; and

did by moonshine, it being brave dry, and moonshine, and warm weather, carry much of my goods into the garden; and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place. . . .

A Jolly Evening

We had invited to a venison pasty Mr. Batelier and his sister Mary, Mrs. Mercer, her daughter Anne, Mr. Le Brun, and W. Hewer; and so we supped, and very merry. And then about nine o'clock to Mrs. Mercer's gate, where the fire and boys expected us, and her son had provided abundance of serpents and rockets; and there mighty merry (my Lady Pen and Pegg going there with us, and Nan Wright) till about twelve at night, flinging our fireworks, and burning one another and the people over the way. And at last our businesses being most spent, we into Mrs. Mercer's, and there mighty merry, smutting one another with candle grease and soot, till most of us were like devils. And that being done, then we broke up, and to my house; and there I made them drink, and upstairs we went, and then fell into dancing (W. Batelier dancing well), and dressing, him and I and one Mr. Banister (who with his wife come over also with us), like women; and Mercer put on a suit of Tom's, like a boy, and mighty mirth we had. Mercer danced a jigg; and Nan Wright and my wife and Pegg Penn put on perriwigs. Thus

we spent till three or four in the morning, mighty merry; and then parted, and to bed.

15th Aug. Mighty sleepy; slept till past eight of the clock.

Pepys in the Country

The women and W. Hewer and I walked upon the Downes where a flock of sheep was; and the most pleasant and innocent sight that ever I saw in my life—we find a shepherd and his little boy reading, far from any houses or sight of people, the Bible to him; so I made the boy read to me, which he did, with the forced tone that children do usually read, that was mighty pretty, and then I did give him something, and went to the father and talked with him; and I find he had been a servant in my cozen Pepys' house, and told me what was become of their old servants. He did content himself mightily in my liking his boy's reading, and did bless God for him, the most like one of the old Patriarchs that ever I saw in my life, and it brought those thoughts of the old age of the world in my mind for two or three days after. We took notice of his woollen knit stockings of two colours mixed, and of his shoes shod with iron shoes both at the toe and heels, and with great nails in the soles of his feet, which was mighty pretty; and, taking notice of them, 'Why,' says the poor man, 'the downes you see are full of stones, and we are fain to shoe ourselves thus; and these,' says

he, 'will make the stones fly till they sing before me'. I did give the poor man something for which he was mighty thankful, and I tried to cast stones with his horne crooke. He values his dog mightily, that would turn a sheep any way that he would have him, when he goes to fold them: so we posted thence with mighty pleasure in the discourse we had with this poor man, and Mrs. Turner, in the common fields there, did gather one of the prettiest nosegays that ever I saw in my life. So to our coach, and looked upon Mr. Evelyn's house; and so over the common, and through Epsom Towne to our inne, in the way stopping a poor woman with her milk-pail, and in one of my gilt tumblers did drink our bellyfulls of milk, better than any creame; and so to our inne.

Pepys and his Periwig

After dinner went out to my brother's, and thence to Westminster, where at Mr. Jervas's, my old barber, I did try two or three borders and perriwigs, meaning to wear one; and yet I have no stomach for it, but that the pains of keeping my hair clean are so great. He trimmed me, and at last I parted, but my mind was almost altered from my first purpose, from the trouble that I foresee will be in wearing them also.

. . . . . .

Then to prepare my monthly account, about which I staid till ten or eleven o'clock at night, and to my

great sorrow find myself forty-three pounds worse than I was the last month, which was then £760, and now it is but £717. But it hath chiefly arisen from my layings-out in clothes for myself and wife; viz., for her about twelve pounds, and for myself fifty-five pounds, or thereabouts; having made myself a velvet cloake, two new cloth suits, black, plain both; a new gowne, trimmed with gold buttons and twist, with a new hat, and silk tops for my legs, and many other things, being resolved henceforward to go like myself. And also two perriwigs, one whereof cost me three pounds, and the other forty shillings. I have worn neither yet, but will begin next week, God willing.

. . . . . .

(Lord's Day). Up, and it being late, to church without my wife. I found that my coming in a perriwig did not prove so strange to the world as I was afeard it would, for I thought that all the church would presently have cast their eyes all upon me, but I found no such thing. . . . Scott preached, and I slept most of the time.

Pepys and his Servants

I sent my boy home for some papers, when he staying longer than I would have him, I became angry and boxed my boy that I do hurt my thumb

so that I was not able to stir all the day after and in great pain.

. . . . . .

Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and then home to dinner, and found it so well done, above what I did expect from my maid Susan, now Jane is gone, that I did call her in and give her sixpence.

. . . . . .

At supper hearing by accident of my mayds letting in a rogueing Scotch woman that haunts the office, to helpe them to washe and scoure in our house, and that very lately, I fell mightily out, and made my wife, to the disturbance of the house and neighbours, to beat our little girle (Susan), and then we shut her down into the cellar, and there she lay all night. So we to bed.

. . . . . .

And so lay long in the morning, till I heard people knock at my door, and I took it to be about eight o'clock (but afterwards I found myself a little mistaken), and so I rose and ranted at Will and the maid, and swore I could find in my heart to kick them downstairs, which the maid mumbled at mightily.

Pepys gives up his Diary

31st May, 1669. And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the

keeping of my Journal. I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in my hand; and, therefore, whatever comes of it, I must forbear: and therefore resolve, from this time forward, to have it kept by my people in long-hand, and must therefore be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know; or, if there be any thing, which cannot be much, I must endeavour to keep a margin in my book open, to add, here and there, a note in short-hand, with my own hand.

And so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave: for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me!

SAMUEL PEPYS.

ROBIN HOOD AND ALLAN-A-DALE [1]

COME listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

[1] Samuel Pepys was keenly interested in ballads, and made an important collection.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
All under the greenwood tree,
There was he ware of a brave young man
As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was clothed in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay;
And he did frisk it over the plain,
And chanted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he spy the same young man,
Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before
It was clean cast away;
At every step he fetched a sigh—
'Alack and well-a-day!'

Then stepped forth brave Little John,
And Much, the miller's son,
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When as he saw them come.

'Stand off, stand off!' the young man said,
'What is your will with me?'
'You must come before our master straight,
Under yon greenwood tree.'

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin asked him courteously,
'Oh, hast thou any money to spare
For my merry men and me?'

'I have no money,' the young man said,
'But five shillings and a ring;
And that I have kept this seven long years,
To have it at my wedding.

'Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she soon from me was ta'en,
And chosen to be an old knight's bride,
Whereby my poor heart is slain.'

'What is thy name?' then said Robin Hood,
'Come tell me without any fail:'
'By the faith of my body,' then said the young man,
'My name it is Allan-a-Dale.'

'What wilt thou give me?' said Robin Hood,
'In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her unto thee?'

'I have no money,' then quoth the young man,
'No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant to be.'

'How many miles is it to thy true love?
Come tell me without guile:'
'By the faith of my body,' then said the young man,
'It is but five little mile.'

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did neither stint nor lin,
Until he came unto the church
Where Allan should keep his wedding.

'What hast thou here?' the bishop then said,
'I prithee now tell to me:'
'I am a bold harper,' quoth Robin Hood,
'And the best in the north country.'

'O welcome, O welcome,' the bishop he said,
'That music best pleaseth me:'
'You shall have no music,' quoth Robin Hood,
Till the bride and the bridegroom I see.'

With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old,
And after him a finikin lass,
Did shine like the glistering gold.

'This is not a fit match,' quoth bold Robin Hood,
'That you do seem to make here,
For since we are come into the church
The bride shall choose her own dear.'

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two or three;
When four-and-twenty bowmen bold
Came leaping over the lea.

And when they came into the churchyard,
Marching all on a row,
The very first man was Allan-a-Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

'This is thy true love,' Robin he said,
'Young Allan, as I hear say;
And you shall be married at this same time
Before we depart away.'

'That shall not be,' the bishop he said,
'For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times asked in the church,
As the law is of our land.'

Robin Hood pulled off the bishop's coat,
And put it upon Little John;
'By the faith of my body,' then Robin said,
'This cloth doth make thee a man.'

When Little John went into the choir,
The people began to laugh;
He asked them seven times in the church,
Lest three times should not be enough.

'Who gives this maid?' said Little John;
  Quoth Robin Hood, 'That do I,
And he that takes her from Allan-a-Dale,
  Full dearly he shall her buy.'

And thus having end of this merry wedding,
  The bride looked like a queen;
And so they returned to the merry greenwood
  Amongst the leaves so green.

ANONYMOUS.

LONELY ANIMALS

. . . MANY horses, though quiet with company, will not stay one minute in a field by themselves: the strongest fences cannot restrain them. My neighbour's horse will not only not stay by himself abroad, but he will not bear to be left alone in a strange stable without discovering the utmost impatience, and endeavouring to break the rack and manger with his fore-feet. He has been known to leap out at a stable-window, through which dung was thrown, after company; and yet in other respects is remarkably quiet. Oxen and cows will not fatten by themselves; but will neglect the finest pasture that is not recommended by society. It would be needless to instance in sheep, which constantly flock together.

But this instinct seems not to be confined to animals of the same species; for we know a doe, still alive, that was brought up from a little fawn with a dairy of cows; with them it goes a-field, and with them it returns to the yard. The dogs of the house take no notice of this deer, being used to her; but, if strange dogs come by, a chase ensues; while the master smiles to see his favourite securely leading her pursuers over hedge, or gate, or stile, till she returns to the cows, who, with fierce lowings and menacing horns, drive the assailants quite out of the pasture. . . .

GILBERT WHITE.

NOAH'S ARK

AND now the beasts are walking from the wood,
As well of ravine, as that chew the cud.
The king of beasts his fury doth suppress,
And to the ark leads down the lioness.

The bull for his belovèd mate doth low,
And to the ark brings on the fair-eyed cow;
The stately courser for his mare doth neigh,
And towards the new ark guideth her the way.

The wreathed-horned ram his safety doth pursue,
And to the ark ushers his gentle ewe;

The bristly boar, who with his snout up-ploughed
The spacious plains, and with his grunting loud

Raised rattling echoes all the woods about,
Leaves his dark den, and having scented out
Noah's new-built ark, in with his sow doth come,
And stye themselves up in a little room.

The hart with his dear hind, the buck, and doe,
Leaving their wildness, bring the tripping roe
Along with them: and from the mountain steep
The clambering goat and coney, used to keep

Amongst the cliffs, together get, and they
To this great ark find out the ready way;
Th' unwieldy elk, whose skin is of much proof,
Throngs with the rest to attain this wooden roof;

The unicorn leaves off his pride, and close
There sets him down by the rhinoceros;
The elephant there cometh to embark,
And as he softly getteth up the ark,

Feeling by his great weight his body sunk,
Holds by his huge tooth and his nervy trunk;
The crook-backed camel climbing to the deck
Draws up himself with his long sinewy neck;

The spotted panther, whose delicious scent
Oft causeth beasts his harbour to frequent,
But, having got them once into his power,
Sucketh their blood and doth their flesh devour,

His cruelty hath quickly cast aside,
And waxing courteous, doth become their guide,
And brings into the universal shop
The ounce, the tiger, and the antelope;

By the grim wolf the poor sheep safely lay
And was his care, which lately was his prey;
The ass upon the lion leaned his head,
And to the cat the mouse for succour fled;

The silly hare doth cast aside her fear,
And forms herself fast [1] by the ugly bear,
At whom the watchful dog did never bark
When he espied him clambering up the ark;

The fox, got in, his subtleties hath left,
And, as ashaméd of his former theft,
Sits sadly there, as though he did repent,
And in the ark became an innocent;

The fine-furred ermine, marten, and the cat
That gives out civet, there together sat
By the shrewd monkey, babian, and the ape,
With the hyaena (much their like in shape),

[1] Seats herself close.

Which by their kind are ever doing ill,
Yet in the ark sit civilly and still;
The skipping squirrel of the forest free,
That leaped so nimbly betwixt tree and tree,

Itself into the ark then nimbly cast,
As 'twere a ship-boy come to climb the mast.
The little dormouse leaves her leaden sleep,
And with the mole up to the ark doth creep;

With many other which were common then
(Their kind decayed), but now unknown to men;
For there was none that Adam e'er did name
But to the ark from every quarter came;

By two and two the male and female beast,
From swift'st to slow'st, from greatest to the least;
And as within the strong pale of a park,
So were they all together in the ark.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

HOUSEHOLD SUPERSTITIONS

GOING yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamt a very strange dream the night before, which they were afraid

portended some misfortune to themselves or to their children. At her coming into the room, I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded.

We were no sooner sat down, but, after having looked upon me a little while, 'My dear,' says she, turning to her husband, 'you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night'. Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her that he was to go into join-hand on Thursday. 'Thursday!' says she. 'No, child; if it please God, you shall not begin upon Childermas-day;[1] tell your writing-master that Friday will be soon enough.'

I was reflecting with myself on the oddness of her fancy, and wondering that anybody would establish it as a rule, to lose a day in every week. In the midst of these my musings, she desired me to reach her a little salt upon the point of my knife, which I did in such a trepidation and hurry of obedience that I let it drop by the way; at which she immediately startled, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and observing the concern of the whole table, began to consider myself, with some confusion, as a person that had brought a disaster upon the family. The lady, however, recovering herself after a little space, said to her husband with a sigh, 'My dear, misfortunes never come single'.

[1] 28th December, Holy Innocents' Day.

My friend, I found, acted but an under part at his table; and, being a man of more good-nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the passions and humours of his yoke-fellow. 'Do not you remember, child,' says she, 'that the pigeon-house fell the very afternoon that our careless wench spilt the salt upon the table?'—'Yes,' says he, 'my dear; and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almanza.'

The reader may guess at the figure I made, after having done all this mischief. I dispatched my dinner as soon as I could, with my usual taciturnity; when, to my utter confusion, the lady seeing me quitting my knife and fork, and laying them across one another upon my plate, desired me that I would humour her so far as to take them out of that figure and place them side by side. What the absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditionary superstition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the lady of the house, I disposed of my knife and fork in two parallel lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the lady's looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect: for which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own

lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend these superstitious follies of mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional sorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils.

I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale, and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry-thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics: a rusty nail or a crooked pin shoot up into prodigies.

Many an old maid produces infinite disturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden aunt of a great family, who is one of these antiquated Sibyls, that forebodes and prophesies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing apparitions and hearing death-watches; and was the other day almost frighted out of her wits by the great house-dog that howled in the stable, at a time when she lay ill of the toothache.

Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people not only in impertinent terrors, but

in supernumerary duties of life, and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thought of death, or indeed of any future evil, and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy, it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it should inform me truly of everything than can befall me. I would not anticipate the relish of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind; and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events and governs futurity. He sees, at one view, the whole thread of my existence, not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to His care; when I awake, I give myself up to His direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to Him for help, and question not but He will either avert

them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it; because I am sure that He knows them both, and that He will not fail to comfort and support me under them.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

YOU SPOTTED SNAKES WITH DOUBLE TONGUE

YOU spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen:
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good-night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here:
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence;
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.
Philomel, with melody, etc.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SQUIRE WESTERN PURSUES HIS DAUGHTER

Sophia, the squire's lovely daughter, has fled from her father's house; and he follows her hot-foot on the Worcester road.

THE history now returns to the inn at Upton, whence we shall first trace the footsteps of Squire Western; for, as he will soon arrive at an end of his journey, we shall have then full leisure to attend our hero.

The reader may be pleased to remember that the said squire departed from the inn in great fury, and in that fury he pursued his daughter. The hostler having informed him that she had crossed the Severn, he likewise past that river with his equipage, and rode full speed, vowing the utmost vengeance against poor Sophia, if he should but overtake her.

He had not gone far before he arrived at a cross-way. Here he called a short council of war, in which, after hearing different opinions, he at last gave the direction of his pursuit to fortune, and struck directly into the Worcester road.

In this road he proceeded about two miles, when he began to bemoan himself most bitterly, frequently crying out, 'What a pity is it! Sure never was so unlucky a dog as myself!' And then burst forth a volley of oaths and execrations.

The parson attempted to administer comfort to him on this occasion. 'Sorrow not, sir,' says he,

'like those without hope. Howbeit we have not yet been able to overtake young madam, we may account it some good fortune that we have hitherto traced her course aright. Peradventure she will soon be fatigated with her journey, and will tarry in some inn, in order to renovate her corporeal functions; and in that case, in all moral certainty, you will very briefly be *compos voti*.'

'Pogh! d—n the slut!' answered the squire, 'I am lamenting the loss of so fine a morning for hunting. It is confounded hard to lose one of the best scenting days, in all appearance, which hath been this season, and especially after so long a frost.'

Whether Fortune, who now and then shows some compassion in her wantonest tricks, might not take pity of the squire; and, as she had determined not to let him overtake his daughter, might not resolve to make him amends some other way, I will not assert; but he had hardly uttered the words just before commemorated, and two or three oaths at their heels, when a pack of hounds began to open their melodious throats at a small distance from them, which the squire's horse and his rider both perceiving, both immediately pricked up their ears, and the squire, crying, 'She 's gone, she 's gone! Hang me if she is not gone!' instantly clapped spurs to the beast, who little needed it, having indeed the same inclination with his master; and now the whole company, crossing into a corn-field, rode directly towards the hounds, with much hallowing and

whooping, while the poor parson, blessing himself, brought up the rear.

The hounds ran very hard, as it is called, and the squire pursued over hedge and ditch, with all his usual vociferation and alacrity, and with all his usual pleasure; nor did the thoughts of Sophia ever once intrude themselves to allay the satisfaction he enjoyed in the chase, which, he said, was one of the finest he ever saw, and which he swore was very well worth going fifty miles for. As the squire forgot his daughter, the servants, we may easily believe, forgot their mistress; and the parson, after having expressed much astonishment, in Latin, to himself, at length likewise abandoned all farther thoughts of the young lady, and, jogging on at a distance behind, began to meditate a portion of doctrine for the ensuing Sunday.

The squire who owned the hounds was highly pleased with the arrival of his brother squire and sportsman: for all men approve merit in their own way, and no man was more expert in the field than Mr. Western, nor did any other better know how to encourage the dogs with his voice, and to animate the hunt with his holla.

Sportsmen, in the warmth of a chase, are too much engaged to attend to any manner of ceremony, nay, even to the offices of humanity: for, if any of them meet with an accident by tumbling into a ditch, or into a river, the rest pass on regardless, and generally leave him to his fate: during this time,

therefore, the two squires, though often close to each other, interchanged not a single word. The master of the hunt, however, often saw and approved the great judgment of the stranger in drawing the dogs when they were at a fault, and hence conceived a very high opinion of his understanding, as the number of his attendants inspired no small reverence to his quality. As soon, therefore, as the sport was ended by the death of the little animal which had occasioned it, the two squires met, and in all squire-like greeting saluted each other.

The conversation was entertaining enough, and what we may perhaps relate in an appendix, or on some other occasion; but as it nowise concerns this history, we cannot prevail on ourselves to give it a place here. It concluded with a second chase, and that with an invitation to dinner. This being accepted, was followed by a hearty bout of drinking, which ended in as hearty a nap on the part of Squire Western.

HENRY FIELDING.

THE HUNT IS UP

THE hunt is up! The hunt is up!
And it is well-nigh day;
And Harry our king is gone hunting,
To bring the deer to bay.

The east is bright with morning light,
  And darkness it is fled;
The merry horn wakes up the morn
  To leave his idle bed.

Behold the skies with golden dyes
  Are glowing all around;
The grass is green, and so are the treen,
  All laughing at the sound.

The horses snort to hear the sport,
  The dogs are running free,
The woods rejoice at the merry noise
  Of hey tantara tee ree.

The sun is glad to see us clad
  All in our lusty green,
And smiles in the sky as he riseth high
  To see and to be seen.

Awake all men, I say again,
  Be merry as you may;
For Harry our king is gone hunting,
  To bring the deer to bay.

ANONYMOUS.

DAVID AND GOLIATH

Now the Philistines gathered together their armies to battle, and were gathered together at Shochoh, which belongeth to Judah, and pitched between Shochoh and Azekah, in Ephes-dammim. And Saul and the men of Israel were gathered together, and pitched by the valley of Elah, and set the battle in array against the Philistines. And the Philistines stood on a mountain on the one side, and Israel stood on a mountain on the other side: and there was a valley between them. And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath, of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span. And he had an helmet of brass upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail; and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of brass. And he had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a target of brass between his shoulders. And the staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam; and his spear's head weighed six hundred shekels of iron: and one bearing a shield went before him. And he stood and cried unto the armies of Israel, and said unto them: 'Why are ye come out to set your battle in array? am not I a Philistine, and ye servants to Saul? choose you a man for you, and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your servants: but if I prevail against him, and kill him, then shall ye

be our servants, and serve us'. And the Philistine said: 'I defy the armies of Israel this day; give me a man, that we may fight together'. When Saul and all Israel heard those words of the Philistine, they were dismayed, and greatly afraid.

Now David was the son of that Ephrathite of Bethlehem-judah, whose name was Jesse; and he had eight sons: and the man went among men for an old man in the days of Saul. And the three eldest sons of Jesse went and followed Saul to the battle: and the names of his three sons that went to the battle were Eliab the firstborn, and next unto him Abinadab, and the third Shammah. And David was the youngest: and the three eldest followed Saul. But David went and returned from Saul to feed his father's sheep at Beth-lehem. And the Philistine drew near morning and evening, and presented himself forty days. And Jesse said unto David his son: 'Take now for thy brethren an ephah of this parched corn, and these ten loaves, and run to the camp to thy brethren; and carry these ten cheeses unto the captain of their thousand, and look how thy brethren fare, and take their pledge'.

Now Saul, and they, and all the men of Israel, were in the valley of Elah, fighting with the Philistines. And David rose up early in the morning, and left the sheep with a keeper, and took, and went, as Jesse had commanded him; and he came to the trench, as the host was going forth to the fight, and shouted

for the battle. For Israel and the Philistines had put the battle in array, army against army. And David left his baggage in the hand of the keeper of the baggage, and ran into the army, and came and saluted his brethren. And as he talked with them, behold, there came up the champion, the Philistine of Gath, Goliath by name, out of the armies of the Philistines, and spake according to the same words: and David heard them. And all the men of Israel, when they saw the man, fled from him, and were sore afraid. And the men of Israel said: 'Have ye seen this man that is come up? surely to defy Israel is he come up: and it shall be, that the man who killeth him, the king will enrich him with great riches, and will give him his daughter, and make his father's house free in Israel'. And David spake to the men that stood by him, saying: 'What shall be done to the man that killeth this Philistine, and taketh away the reproach from Israel? for who is this uncircumcised Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God?' And the people answered him after this manner, saying: 'So shall it be done to the man that killeth him'.

And Eliab his eldest brother heard when he spake unto the men; and Eliab's anger was kindled against David, and he said: 'Why camest thou down hither? and with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thine heart; for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle'. And David said: 'What

have I now done? It was merely a word'. And he turned from him toward another, and spake after the same manner: and the people answered him again after the former manner. And when the words were heard which David spake, they rehearsed them before Saul: and he sent for him.

And David said to Saul: 'Let no man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine'. And Saul said to David: 'Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him: for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth'. And David said unto Saul: 'Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock: and I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth: and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear: and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God'. David said moreover: 'The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine'. And Saul said unto David: 'Go, and the Lord be with thee'.

And Saul armed David with his armour, and he put an helmet of brass upon his head; also he armed him with a coat of mail. And David girded his sword upon his armour, and he assayed to go; for

he had not proved it. And David said unto Saul: 'I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them'. And David put them off him. And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had, even in a scrip; and his sling was in his hand: and he drew near to the Philistine. And the Philistine came on and drew near unto David; and the man that bare the shield went before him. And when the Philistine looked about, and saw David, he disdained him: for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance. And the Philistine said unto David: 'Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves?' And the Philistine cursed David by his gods. And the Philistine said to David: 'Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field'. Then said David to the Philistine: 'Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand; and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee; and I will give the carcases of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel. And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear: for the battle is the Lord's, and He will give you into our hands'.

And it came to pass, when the Philistine arose, and came and drew nigh to meet David, that David hasted, and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine. And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead, that the stone sunk into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth. So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine, and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of David. Therefore David ran, and stood upon the Philistine, and took his sword, and drew it out of the sheath thereof, and slew him, and cut off his head therewith. And when the Philistines saw their champion was dead, they fled. And the men of Israel and of Judah arose, and shouted, and pursued the Philistines, until thou come to the valley, and to the gates of Ekron. And the wounded of the Philistines fell down by the way to Shaaraim, even unto Gath, and unto Ekron. And the children of Israel returned from chasing after the Philistines, and they spoiled their tents. And David took the head of the Philistine, and brought it to Jerusalem; but he put his armour in his tent.

And when Saul saw David go forth against the Philistine, he said unto Abner, the captain of the host: 'Abner, whose son is this youth?' And Abner said: 'As thy soul liveth, O king, I cannot tell'. And the king said: 'Enquire thou whose son the stripling is'. And as David returned from the

slaughter of the Philistine, Abner took him, and brought him before Saul with the head of the Philistine in his hand. And Saul said to him: 'Whose son art thou, thou young man?' And David answered: 'I am the son of thy servant Jesse the Beth-lehemite'.

THE BIBLE.

A PSALM OF THE SEA

THEY that go down to the sea in ships,
That do business in great waters;
These see the works of the Lord,
And His wonders in the deep.

For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind,
Which lifteth up the waves thereof.

They mount up to the heaven,
They go down again to the depths:
Their soul is melted away because of trouble.

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man,
And are at their wit's end.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble,
And He bringeth them out of their distresses.

He maketh the storm a calm,
So that the waves thereof are still.

Then are they glad because they be quiet;
So He bringeth them unto their desired haven.

Oh that man would praise the Lord for His goodness,
And for His wonderful works to the children of men!

THE BIBLE, A.V.

A PSALM OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

THE Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me into the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

THE BIBLE, A.V.

CRUSOE BUILDS A BOAT

ALL the while these things were doing, you may be sure my thoughts ran many times upon the prospect of land which I had seen from the other side of the island, and I was not without secret wishes that I were on shore there, fancying the seeing the mainland, and in an inhabited country I might find some way or other to convey myself farther, and perhaps at last find some means of escape.

But all this while I made no allowance for the dangers of such a condition, and how I might fall into the hands of savages, and perhaps such as I might have reason to think far worse than the lions and tigers of Africa; that if I once came into their power, I should run a hazard more than a thousand to one of being killed, and perhaps of being eaten; for I had heard that the people of the Caribbean coasts were cannibals, or man-eaters, and I knew by the latitude that I could not be far off from that shore. That suppose they were not cannibals, yet that they might kill me, as many Europeans who had fallen into their hands had been served, even when they had been ten or twenty together, much more I, that was but one, and could make little or no defence; all these things, I say, which I ought to have considered well of, and did cast up in my thoughts afterwards, yet took up none of my apprehensions

at first, but my head ran mightily upon the thought of getting over to the shore.

Now I wished for my boy Xury, and the long-boat with the shoulder-of-mutton sail, with which I sailed above a thousand miles on the coast of Africa; but this was in vain. Then I thought I would go and look at our ship's boat, which, as I have said, was blown up upon the shore a great way, in the storm, when we were first cast away. She lay almost where she did at first, but not quite; and was turned, by the force of the waves and the winds, almost bottom upward, against a high ridge of beachy rough sand, but no water about her, as before.

If I had had hands to have refitted her, and to have launched her into the water, the boat would have done well enough, and I might have gone back into the Brazils with her easily enough; but I might have foreseen that I could no more turn her and set her upright upon her bottom, than I could remove the island. However, I went to the woods, and cut levers and rollers, and brought them to the boat, resolved to try what I could do; suggesting to myself that if I could but turn her down, I might easily repair the damage she had received, and she would be a very good boat, and I might go to sea in her very easily.

I spared no pains, indeed, in this piece of fruitless toil, and spent, I think, three or four weeks about it. At last, finding it impossible to heave it up with my

little strength, I fell to digging away the sand, to undermine it, and so to make it fall down, setting pieces of wood to thrust and guide it right in the fall. But when I had done this, I was unable to stir it up again, or to get under it, much less to move it forward towards the water; so I was forced to give it over. And yet, though I gave over the hopes of the boat, my desire to venture over for the main increased, rather than decreased, as the means for it seemed impossible.

This at length put me upon thinking whether it was not possible to make myself a canoe, or *periagua*, such as the natives of those climates make, even without tools, or, as I might say, without hands, viz., of the trunk of a great tree. This I not only thought possible, but easy, and pleased myself extremely with the thoughts of making it, and with my having much more convenience for it than any of the negroes or Indians; but not at all considering the particular inconveniences which I lay under more than the Indians did, viz., want of hands to move it, when it was made, into the water, a difficulty much harder for me to surmount than all the consequences of want of tools could be to them. For what was it to me, that when I had chosen a vast tree in the woods, I might with much trouble cut it down, if, after I might be able with my tools to hew and dub the outside into the proper shape of a boat, and burn or cut out the inside to make it hollow, so to make a boat of it; if, after all this, I must leave it just

there where I found it, and was not able to launch it into the water?

One would have thought I could not have had the least reflection upon my mind of my circumstance while I was making this boat, but I should have immediately thought how I should get it into the sea; but my thoughts were so intent upon my voyage over the sea in it, that I never once considered how I should get it off of the land; and it was really, in its own nature, more easy for me to guide it over forty-five miles of sea, than about forty-five fathoms of land, where it lay, to set it afloat in the water.

I went to work upon this boat the most like a fool that ever man did who had any of his senses awake. I pleased myself with the design, without determining whether I was ever able to undertake it. Not but that the difficulty of launching my boat came often into my head; but I put a stop to my own inquiries into it, by this foolish answer which I gave myself, 'Let 's first make it; I 'll warrant I 'll find some way or other to get it along when 'tis done'.

This was a most preposterous method; but the eagerness of my fancy prevailed, and to work I went. I felled a cedar tree: I question much whether Solomon ever had such a one for the building of the Temple at Jerusalem. It was five feet ten inches diameter at the lower part next the stump, and four feet eleven inches diameter at the end of twenty-two feet, after which it lessened for a while, and then parted into branches. It was not without infinite

labour that I felled this tree. I was twenty days hacking and hewing at it at the bottom; I was fourteen more getting the branches and limbs, and the vast spreading head of it cut off, which I hacked and hewed through with axe and hatchet, and inexpressible labour. After this, it cost me a month to shape it and dub it to a proportion, and to something like the bottom of a boat, that it might swim upright as it ought to do. It cost me near three months more to clear the inside, and work it so as to make an exact boat of it. This I did, indeed, without fire, by mere mallet and chisel, and by the dint of hard labour, till I had brought it to be a very handsome *periagua*, and big enough to have carried six-and-twenty men, and consequently big enough to have carried me and all my cargo.

When I had gone through this work, I was extremely delighted with it. The boat was really much bigger than I ever saw a canoe or *periagua*, that was made of one tree, in my life. Many a weary stroke it had cost, you may be sure; and there remained nothing but to get it into the water; and had I gotten it into the water, I make no question but I should have begun the maddest voyage, and the most unlikely to be performed, that ever was undertaken.

But all my devices to get it into the water failed me, though they cost me infinite labour too. It lay about one hundred yards from the water, and not more; but the first inconvenience was, it was uphill

towards the creek. Well, to take away this discouragement, I resolved to dig into the surface of the earth, and so make a declivity. This I began, and it cost me a prodigious deal of pains; but who grudges pains, that have their deliverance in view? But when this was worked through, and this difficulty managed, it was still much at one, for I could no more stir the canoe than I could the other boat.

Then I measured the distance of ground, and resolved to cut a dock or canal, to bring the water up to the canoe, seeing I could not bring the canoe down to the water. Well, I began this work; and when I began to enter into it, and calculate how deep it was to be dug, how broad, how the stuff to be thrown out, I found that by the number of hands I had, being none but my own, it must have been ten or twelve years before I should have gone through with it; for the shore lay high, so that at the upper end it must have been at least twenty feet deep; so at length, though with great reluctancy, I gave this attempt over also.

This grieved me heartily; and now I saw, though too late, the folly of beginning a work before we count the cost, and before we judge rightly of our own strength to go through with it.

DANIEL DEFOE.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK

Supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk during his solitary abode on the island of Juan Fernandez.

I AM monarch of all I survey;
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude! Where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech;
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, Friendship, and Love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
O, had I the wings of a dove
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that the earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Nor sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more:
My friends,—do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.

There 's mercy in every peace,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE CAMEL AND THE DROMEDARY

THESE names do not make two distinct kinds, but are only given to a variety of the same animal, which has, however, subsisted time immemorial. The principal, and perhaps the only sensible difference, by which those two races are distinguished, consists in this, that the camel has two bunches upon his back, whereas the dromedary has but one; the latter also, is neither so large, nor so strong, as the camel. These two races, however, produce with each other, and the mixed breed formed between them is considered the best, the most patient, and the most indefatigable of all the kind.

Of the two varieties, the dromedary is by far the most numerous; the camel being scarcely found, except in Turkey, and the countries of the Levant, while the other is found spread over all the deserts of Arabia, the southern parts of Africa, Persia, Tartary, and a great part of the eastern Indies. Thus, the one inhabits an immense tract of country, the other, in comparison, is confined to a province;

the one inhabits the sultry countries of the Torrid Zone, the other delights in a warm, but not a burning climate; neither, however, can subsist, or propagate, in the variable climates towards the north: they seem formed for those countries, where shrubs are plenty and water scarce; where they can travel along the sandy desert, without being impeded by rivers, and find food at expected distances; such a country is Arabia, and this, of all others, seems the most adapted to the support and production of this animal.

The camel is the most temperate of all animals, and it can continue to travel several days without drinking. In those vast deserts, where the earth is everywhere dry and sandy, where there are neither birds nor beasts, neither insects nor vegetables, where nothing is to be seen but hills of sand and heaps of bones, there the camel travels, posting forward, without requiring either drink or pasture and is often found six or seven days without any sustenance whatsoever. Its feet are formed for travelling upon sand, and utterly unfit for moist or marshy places; the inhabitants, therefore, find a most useful assistant in this animal, where no other could subsist, and by its means, cross those deserts with safety, which would be unpassable by any other method of conveyance.

An animal, thus formed for a sandy and desert region, cannot be propagated in one of a different nature. Many vain efforts have been tried to

propagate the camel in Spain; they have been transported into America, but have multiplied in neither. It is true, indeed, that they may be brought into these countries, and may, perhaps, be found to produce there, but the care of keeping them is so great, and the accidents to which they are exposed, from the changeableness of the climate, are so many, that they cannot answer the care of keeping. In a few years also, they are seen to degenerate; their strength and their patience forsake them; and instead of making the riches, they become the burthen of their keepers.

But it is very different in Arabia, and those countries where the camel is turned to useful purposes. It is there considered as a sacred animal, without whose help the natives could neither subsist, traffic, nor travel; its milk makes a part of their nourishment; they feed upon its flesh, particularly when young; they clothe themselves with its hair, which it is seen to moult regularly once a year, and if they fear an invading enemy, their camels serve them in flight, and in a single day they are known to travel above an hundred miles. Thus, by means of the camel, an Arabian finds safety in his deserts; all the armies upon earth might be lost in the pursuit of a flying squadron of this country, mounted upon their camels, and taking refuge in solitudes where nothing interposes to stop their flight, or to force them to wait the invader. Nothing can be more dreary than the aspect of these sandy plains, that seem entirely

forsaken of life and vegetation: wherever the eye turns, nothing is presented but a sterile and dusty soil, sometimes torn up by the winds, and moving in great waves along, which, when viewed from an eminence, resemble less the earth than the ocean. Here and there a few shrubs appear that only teach us to wish for the grove, that remind us of the shade in these sultry climates, without affording its refreshment; the return of morning, which, in other places, carries an idea of cheerfulness, here serves only to enlighten the endless and dreary waste, and to present the traveller with an unfinished prospect of his forlorn situation; yet in this chasm of nature, by the help of the camel, the Arabian finds safety and subsistence. There are here and there found spots of verdure, which, though remote from each other, are, in a manner, approximated by the labour and industry of the camel. Thus these deserts, which present the stranger with nothing but objects of danger and sterility, afford the inhabitant protection, food, and liberty. The Arabian lives independent and tranquil in the midst of his solitudes; and, instead of considering the vast solitudes spread round him as a restraint upon his happiness, he is, by experience, taught to regard them as the ramparts of his freedom.

The camel is easily instructed in the methods of taking up and supporting his burthen; their legs, a few days after they are produced, are bent under their belly; they are in this manner loaded, and

taught to rise; their burthen is every day thus increased, by insensible degrees, till the animal is capable of supporting a weight adequate to its force: the same care is taken in making them patient of hunger and thirst: while other animals receive their food at stated times, the camel is restrained for days together, and these intervals of famine are increased in proportion as the animal seems capable of sustaining them. By this method of education, they live five or six days without food or water; and their stomach is formed most admirably by nature, to fit them for long abstinence: besides the four stomachs, which all animals have that chew the cud (and the camel is of the number), it has a fifth stomach, which serves as a reservoir, to hold a greater quantity of water than the animal has an immediate occasion for. It is of a sufficient capacity to contain a large quantity of water, where the fluid remains without corrupting, or without being adulterated by the other aliments. When the camel finds itself pressed with thirst, it has here an easy resource for quenching it; it throws up a quantity of this water by a simple contraction of the muscles, into the other stomachs, and this serves to macerate its dry and simple food; in this manner, as it drinks but seldom, it takes in a large quantity at a time, and travellers, when straitened for water, have been often known to kill their camels for that which they expected to find within them.

In Turkey, Persia, Arabia, Barbary, and Egypt,

their whole commerce is carried on by means of camels, and no carriage is more speedy, and none less expensive in these countries. Merchants and travellers unite themselves into a body, furnished with camels, to secure themselves from the insults of the robbers that infest the countries in which they live. This assemblage is called a caravan, in which the numbers are sometimes known to amount to above ten thousand, and the number of camels is often greater than those of the men: each of these animals is loaded according to his strength, and he is so sensible of it himself, that when his burthen is too great, he remains still upon his belly, the posture in which he is loaden, refusing to rise, till his burthen be lessened or taken away. In general, the large camels are capable of carrying a thousand weight, and sometimes twelve hundred; the dromedary from six to seven. In these trading journeys, they travel but slowly, their stages are generally regulated, and they seldom go above thirty, or at most about five-and-thirty miles a day. Every evening, when they arrive at a stage, which is usually some spot of verdure, where water and shrubs are in plenty, they are permitted to feed at liberty; they are then seen to eat as much in an hour as will supply them for twenty-four: they seem to prefer the coarsest weeds to the softest pasture, the thistle, the nettle, the cassia, and other prickly vegetables, are their favourite food; but their drivers take care to supply them with a kind of paste composition, which serves as a more

permanent nourishment. As these animals have often gone the same track, they are said to know their way precisely, and to pursue their passage when their guides are utterly astray: when they come within a few miles of their baiting-place, in the evening, they sagaciously scent it at a distance, and increasing their speed, are often seen to trot with vivacity to their stage.

The patience of this animal is most extraordinary; and it is probable that its sufferings are great, for when it is loaded, it sends forth most lamentable cries, but never offers to resist the tyrant that oppresses it. At the slightest sign, it bends its knees and lies upon its belly, suffering itself to be loaded in this position; by this practice the burthen is more easily laid upon it than if lifted up while standing; at another sign it rises with its load, and the driver getting upon its back, between the two panniers, which, like hampers, are placed upon each side, he encourages the camel to proceed with his voice and with a song. In this manner the creature proceeds contentedly forward, with a slow uneasy walk, of about four miles an hour, and when it comes to its stage, lies down to be unloaded, as before.

Mr. Buffon seems to consider the camel to be the most domesticated of all other creatures, and to have more marks of the tyranny of man imprinted on its form. He is of opinion that this animal is not now to be found in a state of nature, that the humps on its back, the callosities upon its breast and its legs,

and even the great reservoir for water, are all marks of long servitude and domestic constraint. The deformities he supposes to be perpetuated by generation, and what at first was accident at last becomes nature. However this be, the humps upon the back grow large in proportion as the animal is well fed, and if examined, they will be found composed of a substance not unlike the udder of a cow.

The camel's milk is abundant and nourishing, and mixed with water makes a principal part of the beverage of the Arabians. These animals begin to engender at three years of age, and they ordinarily live from forty to fifty years. Thus, this animal alone seems to comprise within itself a variety of qualities, any one of which serves to render other quadrupeds absolutely necessary for the welfare of man: like the elephant, it is manageable and tame; like the horse, it gives the rider security; it carries greater burthens than the ox or the mule, and its milk is furnished in as great abundance as that of the cow; the flesh of the young ones is supposed to be as delicate as veal; their hair is more beautiful, and more in request than wool; while even of its very excrements no part is useless.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

LO, THE POOR INDIAN!

SAY first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Through worlds unnumbered, though the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied being peoples every star,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.

. . . . . .

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind;
His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or Milky Way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world, in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

ALEXANDER POPE.

ADVENTURES IN BROBDINGNAG

In his second voyage Gulliver reaches an island on which everybody and everything are on a gigantic scale. He finds himself a pygmy in comparison.

I SHOULD have lived happy enough in that country if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents: some of which I shall venture to relate. Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box, and would sometimes take me out of it and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk. I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into those gardens, and my nurse having set me down, he and I being close together near some dwarf apple trees, I must need show my wit by a silly allusion between him and the trees, which happens to hold in their language, as it doth in ours. Whereupon, the malicious rogue watching his opportunity, when I was walking under one of them, shook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them near as large as a Bristol barrel, came tumbling about my ears: one of them hit me on the back as I chanced to stoop, and knocked me down flat on my face; but I received no other hurt, and the dwarf was pardoned at my desire because I had given the provocation.

Another day Glumdalclitch left me on a smooth

grass plot to divert myself, while she walked at some distance with her governess. In the meantime there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail, that I was immediately, by the force of it, struck to the ground: and, when I was down, the hailstones gave me such cruel bangs all over the body, as if I had been pelted with tennis balls; however, I made a shift to creep on all four, and shelter myself by lying flat on my face, on the lee side of a border of lemon thyme, but so bruised from head to foot that I could not go abroad in ten days. Neither is this at all to be wondered at, because Nature in that country observing the same proportion through all her operations, a hailstone is near eighteen hundred times as large as one in Europe, which I can assert upon experience, having been so curious to weigh and measure them.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden, when my little nurse, believing she had put me in a secure place, which I often entreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts, and having left my box at home to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the garden with her governess and some ladies of her acquaintance. While she was absent and out of hearing, a small white spaniel belonging to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, happened to range near the place where I lay. The dog, following the scent, came directly up, and taking me in his mouth ran straight to his master, wagging his tail,

and set me gently on the ground. By good fortune he had been so well taught that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt, or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener, who knew me well, and had a great kindness for me, was in a terrible fright. He gently took me up in both his hands, and asked me how I did; but I was so amazed and out of breath that I could not speak a word. In few minutes I came to myself, and he carried me safe to my little nurse, who by this time had returned to the place where she left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear nor answer when she called. She severely reprimanded the gardener on account of his dog. But the thing was hushed up and never known at court: for the girl was afraid of the queen's anger, and truly, as to myself, I thought it would not be for my reputation that such a story should go about.

This accident absolutely determined Glumdalclitch never to trust me abroad for the future out of her sight. I had been long afraid of this resolution, and therefore concealed from her some little unlucky adventures that happened in those times when I was left by myself. Once a kite, hovering over the garden, made a stoop at me, and if I had not resolutely drawn my hanger and run under a thick espalier, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons. Another time, walking to the top of a fresh mole-hill, I fell to my neck in the hole through which that animal had cast up the earth, and coined some lie, not

worth remembering, to excuse myself for spoiling my clothes. I likewise broke my right shin against the shell of a snail, which I happened to stumble over as I was walking alone and thinking on poor England.

I cannot tell whether I were more pleased or mortified to observe in those solitary walks that the smaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about within a yard's distance, looking for worms and other food with as much indifference and security as if no creature at all were near them. I remember a thrush had the confidence to snatch out of my hand with his bill a piece of cake that Glumdalclitch had just given me for my breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these birds they would boldly turn against me, endeavouring to pick my fingers, which I durst not venture within their reach; and then they would hop back unconcerned, to hunt for worms or snails, as they did before. But one day I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my strength so luckily at a linnet that I knocked him down, and seizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse. However, the bird, who had only been stunned, recovering himself, gave me so many boxes with his wings on both sides of my head and body, though I held him at arm's length and was out of the reach of his claws, that I was twenty times thinking to let him go. But I was soon relieved by one of our servants, who wrung off the bird's neck,

and I had him next day for dinner by the queen's command. This linnet, as near as I can remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an English swan.

One day a young gentleman, who was nephew to my nurse's governess, came and pressed them both to see an execution. It was of a man who had murdered one of that gentleman's intimate acquaintance. Glumdalclitch was prevailed on to be of the company, very much against her inclination, for she was naturally tender-hearted: and, as for myself although I abhorred such kind of spectacles, yet my curiosity tempted me to see something that I thought must be extraordinary. The malefactor was fixed in a chair upon a scaffold, erected for that purpose, and his head cut off at one blow, with a sword of about forty feet long. The veins and arteries spouted up such a prodigious quantity of blood, and so high in the air, that the great *jet d'eau* at Versailles was not equal for the time it lasted; and the head, when it fell on the scaffold floor, gave such a bounce as made me start, although I were at least half an English mile distant.

The queen, who often used to hear me talk of my sea-voyages, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy, asked me whether I understood how to handle a sail, or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be convenient for my health? I answered, that I understood both very well: for, although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor to the ship, yet often,

upon a pinch, I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the smallest wherry was equal to a first-rate man-of-war among us, and such a boat as I could manage would never live in any of their rivers. Her Majesty said, if I would contrive a boat, her own joiner would make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in. The fellow was an ingenious workman, and, by my instructions, in ten days finished a pleasure-boat, with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finished, the queen was so delighted, that she ran with it in her lap to the king, who ordered it to be put in a cistern full of water, with me in it, by way of trial; where I could not manage my two sculls, or little oars, for want of room. But the queen had before contrived another project: she ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough of three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep; which being well pitched, to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor along the wall, in an outer room of the palace. It had a cock near the bottom, to let out the water when it began to grow stale, and two servants could easily fill it in half an hour. Here I often used to row for my own diversion, as well as that of the queen and her ladies, who thought themselves well entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans; and, when they were

weary, some of the pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I showed my art by steering starboard or larboard, as I pleased. When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried back my boat into her closet, and hung it on a nail to dry.

In this exercise I once met an accident which had like to have cost me my life: for, one of the pages having put my boat into the trough, the governess who attended Glumdalclitch very officiously lifted me up to place me in the boat, but I happened to slip through her fingers, and should infallibly have fallen down forty feet upon the floor, if, by the luckiest chance in the world, I had not been stopped by a corking-pin that stuck in the good gentlewoman's stomacher; the head of the pin passed between my shirt and the waistband of my breeches, and thus I was held by the middle in the air, till Glumdalclitch ran to my relief.

Another time, one of the servants, whose office it was to fill my trough every third day with fresh water, was so careless to let a huge frog (not perceiving it) slip out of his pail. The frog lay concealed till I was put into my boat, but then, seeing a resting-place, climbed up and made it lean so much on one side, that I was forced to balance it with all my weight on the other, to prevent overturning. When the frog was got in, it hopped at once half the length of the boat, and then over my head, backwards and forwards, daubing my face and clothes with its odious slime. The largeness of its features made it

appear the most deformed animal that can be conceived. However, I desired Glumdalclitch to let me deal with it alone. I banged it a good while with one of my sculls, and at last forced it to leap out of the boat.

But the greatest danger I ever underwent in that kingdom was from a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet, while she went somewhere upon business, or a visit. The weather being very warm, the closet-window was left open, as well as the windows and the doors of my bigger box, in which I usually lived, because of its largeness and conveniency. As I sat quietly meditating at my table, I heard something bounce in at the closet window, and skip about from one side to the other; whereat although I were much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw this frolicsome animal frisking and leaping up and down—till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the farther corner of my room, or box, but the monkey, looking in at every side, put me into such a fright, that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed—as I might easily have done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me, and reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often

shifted place to avoid him, he at length seized the lappet of my coat (which, being made of that country silk, was very thick and strong) and dragged me out. He took me up in his right fore-foot, and held me as a nurse does a child she is going to suckle, just as I have seen the same sort of creatures do with a kitten in Europe; and when I offered to struggle, he squeezed me so hard, that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe that he took me for a young one of his own species, by his often stroking my face very gently with his other paw. In these diversions, he was interrupted by a noise at the closet door, as if somebody were opening it; whereupon he suddenly leaped up to the window, at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs, and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up to a roof that was next to ours. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted: that quarter of the palace was all in an uproar, the servants ran for ladders; the monkey was seen by hundreds in the court, sitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his fore-paws, and feeding me with the other, by cramming into my mouth some victuals he had squeezed out of the bag on one side of his chaps, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat many of the rabble below could not forbear laughing; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for, without question, the sight was ridiculous enough

to everybody but myself. Some of the people threw up stones, hoping to drive the monkey down; but this was strictly forbidden, or else, very probably, my brains had been dashed out.

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men, which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed, not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge tile, and made his escape. Here I sat for some time, five hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eaves: but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and, putting me into his breeches pocket, brought me down safe.

I was almost choked with the filthy stuff the monkey had crammed down my throat; but my dear little nurse picked it out of my mouth with a small needle, and then I fell a-vomiting, which gave me great relief. Yet I was so weak and bruised in the sides with the squeezes given me by this odious animal, that I was forced to keep my bed a fortnight. The king, queen, and all the court, sent every day to inquire after my health, and her Majesty made me several visits during my sickness. The monkey was killed, and an order made that no such animal should be kept about the palace.

When I attended the king after my recovery, to return him thanks for his favours, he was pleased to

rally me a good deal upon this adventure. He asked me what my thoughts and speculations were, while I lay in the monkey's paw; how I liked the victuals he gave me; his manner of feeding; and whether the fresh air on the roof had sharpened my stomach. He desired to know what I would have done upon such an occasion in my own country. I told his Majesty, that in Europe we had no monkeys, except such as were brought for curiosities from other places, and so small, that I could deal with a dozen of them together, if they presumed to attack me. And as for that monstrous animal with whom I was so lately engaged (it was, indeed, as large as an elephant), if my fears had suffered me to think so far as to make use of my hanger (looking fiercely, and clapping my hand upon the hilt as I spoke) when he poked his paw into my chamber, perhaps I should have given him such a wound, as would have made him glad to withdraw it with more haste than he put it in. This I delivered in a firm tone, like a person who was jealous lest his courage should be called in question. However, my speech produced nothing else beside a loud laughter, which all the respect due to his Majesty from those about him could not make them contain. This made me reflect, how vain an attempt it is for a man to endeavour doing himself honour among those who are out of all degree of equality or comparison with him. And yet I have seen the moral of my own behaviour very frequent in England since my return, where a

little contemptible varlet without the least title to birth, person, wit, or common sense, shall presume to look with importance, and put himself upon a foot with the greatest persons of the kingdom.

I was every day furnishing the court with some ridiculous story; and Glumdalclitch, although she loved me to excess, yet was arch enough to inform the queen, whenever I committed any folly that she thought would be diverting to her Majesty.

DEAN SWIFT.

SATAN

I. *On the sea of fire*

THUS Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides,
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood; in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warred on Jove;
. . . or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all His works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream:
Him haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixéd anchor in his scaly rind

Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wishéd morn delays:
So stretched out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay.

2. *Moving towards the shore*

He scarce had ceased, when the superior fiend
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening, from the top of Fesole
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains in her spotted globe.
His spear—to equal which the tallest pine,
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand—
He walked with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marl, not like those steps
On heaven's azure; and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.

3. *Among his legions*

He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower: his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and th' excess

Of glory obscured: as when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs.

JOHN MILTON.

DR. JOHNSON'S LITTLE HABITS

TALKING to himself was, indeed, one of his singularities ever since I knew him. I was certain he was frequently uttering pious ejaculations; for fragments of the Lord's Prayer have been distinctly overheard.

He had another particularity, of which none of his friends ever ventured to ask an explanation. It appeared to me some superstitious habit, which he had contracted early, and from which he had never called upon his reason to disentangle him. This was his anxious care to go out or in at a door or passage, by a certain number of steps from a certain point, or at least so as that either his right or his left foot (I am not certain which) should constantly make the first actual movement when he came close to the door or passage. Thus I conjecture: for I have, upon innumerable occasions, observed him suddenly stop, and then seem to count his steps with a deep earnestness; and when he had neglected or gone

wrong in this sort of magical movement, I have seen him go back again, put himself in a proper posture to begin the ceremony, and, having gone through it, break from his abstraction, walk briskly on, and join his companion. A strange instance of something of this nature, even when on horseback, happened when he was in the Isle of Skye. Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed him to go a good way about, rather than cross a particular alley in Leicester Fields; but this Sir Joshua imputed to his having had some disagreeable recollection associated with it.

That the most minute singularities which belonged to him, and made very observable parts of his appearance and manner, may not be omitted, it is requisite to mention, that, while talking, or even musing as he sat in his chair, he commonly held his head to one side towards his right shoulder, and shook it in a tremulous manner, moving his body backwards and forwards, and rubbing his left knee in the same direction, with the palm of his hand. In the intervals of articulating he made various sounds with his mouth, sometimes as if ruminating, or what is called chewing the cud, sometimes giving a half-whistle, sometimes making his tongue play backwards from the roof of his mouth, as if clucking like a hen, and sometimes protruding it against his upper gums in front, as if pronouncing quickly, under his breath, *too, too, too*: all this accompanied sometimes with a thoughtful look, but more frequently with a smile. Generally, when he had concluded a

period, in the course of a dispute, by which time he was a good deal exhausted by violence and vociferation, he used to blow out his breath like a whale. This, I suppose, was a relief to his lungs; and seemed in him to be a contemptuous mode of expression, as if he had made the arguments of his opponent fly like chaff before the wind.

I am fully aware how very obvious an occasion I here give for the sneering jocularity of such as have no relish of an exact likeness; which to render complete, he who draws it must not disdain the slightest strokes. But if witlings should be inclined to attack this account, let them have the candour to quote what I have offered in my defence.

JAMES BOSWELL.

THE NOBLE NATURE

IT is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON.

THE LONG-BOW

THE sound of the trumpets soon recalled those spectators who had already begun to leave the field; and proclamation was made that Prince John, suddenly called by high and peremptory public duties, held himself obliged to discontinue the entertainments of to-morrow's festival: Nevertheless, that, unwilling so many good yeomen should depart without a trial of skill, he was pleased to appoint them, before leaving the ground, presently to execute the competition of archery intended for the morrow. To the best archer a prize was to be awarded, being a bugle-horn, mounted with silver, and a silver baldric richly ornamented with a medallion of St. Hubert, the patron of silvan sport.

More than thirty yeomen at first presented themselves as competitors, several of whom were rangers and under-keepers in the royal forests of Needwood and Charnwood. When, however, the archers understood with whom they were to be matched, upwards of twenty withdrew themselves from the contest, unwilling to encounter the dishonour of almost certain defeat. For in those days the skill of each celebrated marksman was as well known for many miles round him, as the qualities of a horse trained at Newmarket are familiar to those who frequent that well-known meeting.

The diminished list of competitors for silvan fame still amounted to eight. Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the persons of these chosen yeomen, several of whom wore the royal livery. Having satisfied his curiosity by this investigation, he looked for the object of his resentment, whom he observed standing on the same spot, and with the same composed countenance which he had exhibited upon the preceding day.

'Fellow,' said Prince John, 'I guessed by thy insolent babble thou wert no true lover of the long-bow, and I see thou darest not adventure thy skill among such merry-men as stand yonder.'

'Under favour, sir,' replied the yeoman, 'I have another reason for refraining to shoot, besides the fearing discomfiture and disgrace.'

'And what is thy other reason?' said Prince John, who, for some cause which perhaps he could not himself have explained, felt a painful curiosity respecting this individual.

'Because,' replied the woodsman, 'I know not if these yeomen and I used to shoot at the same marks; and because, moreover, I know not how your Grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one who has unwittingly fallen under your displeasure.'

Prince John coloured as he put the question, 'What is thy name, yeoman?'

'Locksley,' answered the yeoman.

'Then, Locksley,' said Prince John, 'thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed

their skill. If thou carriest the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles; but if thou losest it, thou shalt be stript of thy Lincoln green, and scourged out of the lists with bowstrings, for a wordy and insolent braggart.'

'And how if I refuse to shoot on such a wager?' said the yeoman.—'Your Grace's power, supported, as it is, by so many men-at-arms, may indeed easily strip and scourge me, but cannot compel me to bend or to draw my bow.'

'If thou refusest my fair proffer,' said the prince, 'the provost of the lists shall cut thy bowstring, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee from the presence as a faint-hearted craven.'

'This is no fair chance you put on me, proud prince,' said the yeoman, 'to compel me to peril myself against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of infamy if they should overshoot me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure.'

'Look to him close, men-at-arms,' said Prince John, 'his heart is sinking; I am jealous lest he attempt to escape the trial.—And do you, good fellows, shoot boldly round; a buck and a butt of wine are ready for your refreshment in yonder tent, when the prize is won.'

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists. The contending archers took their station in turn, at the bottom of the southern access, the distance between

that station and the mark allowing full distance for what was called a shot at rovers. The archers, having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were to shoot each three shafts in succession. The sports were regulated by an officer of inferior rank, termed the provost of the games; for the high rank of the marshals of the lists would have been held degraded, had they condescended to superintend the sports of the yeomanry.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows, shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it, that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

'Now, Locksley,' said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, 'wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver, to the provost of the sports?'

'Sith it be no better,' said Locksley, 'I am content to try my fortune; on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose.'

'That is but fair,' answered Prince John, 'and it shall not be refused thee.—If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee.'

'A man can do but his best,' answered Hubert; 'but my grandsire drew a good long bow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonour his memory.'

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the centre or grasping-place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bowstring to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the centre.

'You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert,' said his antagonist, bending his bow, 'or that had been a better shot.'

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stept to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the centre than that of Hubert.

'By the light of heaven!' said Prince John to Hubert, 'an thou suffer that runagate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!'

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions.

'An your highness were to hang me,' he said, 'a man can do but his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow——'

'The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation!' interrupted John; 'shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be the worse for thee!'

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind, which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very centre of the target.

'A Hubert! a Hubert!' shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. 'In the clout!—in the clout!—a Hubert for ever!'

'Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley,' said the prince, with an insulting smile.

'I will notch his shaft for him, however,' replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity, that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamour. 'This must be the devil, and no man of flesh and blood,' whispered the yeomen to each other; 'such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain.'

'And now,' said Locksley, 'I will crave your

Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the north country; and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it to win a smile from the bonny lass he loves best.'

He then turned to leave the lists. 'Let your guards attend me,' he said, 'if you please—I go but to cut a rod from the next willow-bush.'

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape: but the cry of 'Shame! shame!' which burst from the multitude, induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing at the same time, that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used, was to put shame upon his skill. 'For his own part,' he said, 'and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round-table, which held sixty knights around it. A child of seven years old,' he said, 'might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but,' added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, 'he that hits that rod at five-score yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, an it were the stout King Richard himself.'

'My grandsire,' said Hubert, 'drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a

mark in his life—and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers—or rather, I yield to the devil that is in his jerkin, and not to any human skill; a man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see.'

'Cowardly dog!' said Prince John.—'Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but, if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill.'

'I will do my best, as Hubert says,' answered Locksley; 'no man can do more.'

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill: his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person. 'These twenty nobles,' he said, 'which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our bodyguard, and

be near our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft.'

'Pardon me, noble prince,' said Locksley; 'but I have vowed, that if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I.'

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger, and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ROBIN HOOD

No! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and gray,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall
Of the leaves of many years:
Many times have winter's shears,
Frozen north, and chilling east,
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest's whispering fleeces,
Since men knew not rent nor leases.

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more;
Silent is the ivory shrill [1]
Past the heath and up the hill;
There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where lone Echo gives the half
To some wight, amaz'd to hear
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold;
Never one, of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent;
For he left the merry tale
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone, the merry morris din;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn;
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the 'grenè shawe';[2]

[1] Sound of the ivory horn.

[2] Green wood.

All are gone away and past!
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his turfèd grave,
And of Marian should have
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze:
He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fall'n beneath the dockyard strokes,
Have rotted in the briny seas;
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her—strange! that honey
Can't be got without hard money!

So it is: yet let us sing
Honour to the old bow-string!
Honour to the bugle-horn!
Honour to the woods unshorn!
Honour to the Lincoln green!
Honour to the archer keen!
Honour to tight Little John,
And to the horse he rode upon!
Honour to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underwood!
Honour to maid Marian,
And to all the Sherwood-clan!
Though their days have hurried by
Let us two a burden try.

JOHN KEATS.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

'O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

'O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest 's done.

'I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever-dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.'

'I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a fairy's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

'I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

'I set her on my pacing steed
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A fairy's song.

'She found me roots of relish sweet
And honey wild and manna-dew,
And sure in language strange she said,
"I love thee true."

'She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sigh'd full sore,
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

'And there she lullèd me asleep,
And there I dream'd—Ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill's side.

'I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all,
They cried—"La belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!"

'I saw their starved lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill's side.

'And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.'

JOHN KEATS.

THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN

(1574)

MEANTIME, the citizens had grown wild with expectation. A dove had been dispatched by Boisot, informing them of his precise position, and a number of citizens accompanied the burgomaster, at nightfall, toward the tower of Hengist. 'Yonder,' cried the magistrate, stretching out his hand towards Lammen, 'yonder, beyond that fort, are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?' 'We will tear the fortress to fragments with our teeth and nails,' was the reply, 'before the relief, so long expected, shall be wrested from us'. It was resolved that a sortie, in conjunction with the operations of Boisot, should be made against Lammen with the earliest dawn. Night descended upon the scene, a pitch dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different

moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters, in the dead of night, and the whole of the city wall, between the Cow-gate and the Tower of Burgundy, fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned at length after the feverish night, and the admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a death-like stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city, indeed, been carried in the night; had the massacre already commenced; had all this labour and audacity been expended in vain? Suddenly a man was descried, wading breast-high through the water from Lammen towards the fleet, while at the same time, one solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled, panic-struck, during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy who was now waving his triumphant signal from the battlements had alone

witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him, that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither all alone. The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident. Valdez, flying himself from Leyderdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen. Thus, the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall, as it fell, only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness, to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen, and entered the city of the morning of the 3rd of October. Leyden was relieved.

JOHN L. MOTLEY.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR 1746

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,

She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

WILLIAM COLLINS.

THE BOY GEORGE BORROW'S FIRST MEETING WITH GIPSIES

(*He Carries with Him His Tame Viper*)

ONE day it happened that, being on my rambles, I entered a green lane which I had never seen before; at first it was rather narrow, but as I advanced it became considerably wider; in the middle was a drift-way with deep ruts, but right and left was a space carpeted with a sward of trefoil and clover; there was no lack of trees, chiefly ancient oaks, which, flinging out their arms from either side, nearly formed a canopy, and afforded a pleasing shelter from the rays of the sun, which was burning fiercely above. Suddenly a group of objects attracted

my attention. Beneath one of the largest of the trees upon the grass, was a kind of low tent or booth, from the top of which a thin smoke was curling; beside it stood a couple of light carts, whilst two or three lean horses or ponies were cropping the herbage which was growing nigh. Wondering to whom this odd tent could belong, I advanced till I was close before it, when I found that it consisted of two tilts, like those of wagons, placed upon the ground and fronting each other, connected behind by a sail or large piece of canvas which was but partially drawn across the top; upon the ground, in the intervening space, was a fire, over which, supported by a kind of iron crowbar, hung a caldron; my advance had been so noiseless as not to alarm the inmates, who consisted of a man and woman who sat apart, one on each side of the fire; they were both busily employed—the man was carding plaited straw, whilst the woman seemed to be rubbing something with a white powder, some of which lay on a plate beside her; suddenly the man looked up, and, perceiving me, uttered a strange kind of cry, and the next moment both the woman and himself were on their feet and rushing out upon me.

I retreated a few steps, yet without turning to flee. I was not, however, without apprehension, which, indeed, the appearance of these two people was well calculated to inspire; the women was a stout figure, seemingly between thirty and forty; she wore no cap, and her long hair fell on either side of

her head like horse-tails half-way down her waist; her skin was dark and swarthy, like that of a toad, and the expression of her countenance was particularly evil; her arms were bare, and her bosom was but half concealed by a slight bodice, below which she wore a coarse petticoat, her only other article of dress. The man was somewhat younger, but of a figure equally wild; his frame was long and lathy, but his arms were remarkably short, his neck was rather bent, he squinted slightly, and his mouth was much awry; his complexion was dark, but, unlike that of the woman, it was more ruddy than livid; there was a deep scar on his cheek, something like the impression of a halfpenny. The dress was quite in keeping with the figure; in his hat, which was slightly peaked, was stuck a peacock's feather; over a waistcoat of hide, untanned and with the hair upon it, he wore a rough jerkin of russet hue; small-clothes of leather, which had probably once belonged to a soldier, but with which pipeclay did not seem to have come in contact for many a year, protected his lower man as far as the knee; his legs were cased in long stockings of blue worsted, and on his shoes he wore immense old-fashioned buckles.

Such were the two beings who now came rushing upon me; the man was rather in advance, brandishing a ladle in his hand.

'So I have caught you at last,' said he; 'I 'll teach ye, you young highwayman, to come skulking about my properties!'

Young as I was, I remarked that his manner of speaking was different from that of any people with whom I had been in the habit of associating. It was quite as strange as his appearance, and yet it nothing resembled the foreign English which I had been in the habit of hearing through the palisades of the prison; he could scarcely be a foreigner.

'Your properties!' said I; 'I am in the King's Lane. Why did you put them there, if you did not wish them to be seen?'

'On the spy,' said the woman, 'hey? I 'll drown him in the sludge in the toad-pond over the hedge.'

'So we will,' said the man, 'drown him anon in the mud!'

'Drown me, will you?' said I; 'I should like to see you! What 's all this about? Was it because I saw you with your hands full of straw plait, and my mother there——'

'Yes,' said the woman; 'what was I about?'

Myself. How should I know? Making bad money, perhaps!

And it will be as well here to observe, that at this time there was much bad money in circulation in the neighbourhood, generally supposed to be fabricated by the prisoners, so that this false coin and straw plait formed the standard subjects of conversation at Norman Cross.

'I 'll strangle thee,' said the beldame, dashing at me. 'Bad money, is it?'

'Leave him to me, wifelkin,' said the man, interposing; 'you shall now see how I 'll baste him down the lane.'

Myself. I tell you what, my chap, you had better put down that thing of yours; my father lies concealed within my tepid breast, and if to me you offer any harm or wrong, I 'll call him forth to help me with his forked tongue.

Man. What do you mean, ye Bengui's bantling? I never heard such discourse in all my life; playman's speech or Frenchman's talk—which, I wonder? Your father! tell the mumping villain that if he comes near my fire I 'll serve him out as I will you. Take that—Tiny Jesus! what have we got here! Oh, delicate Jesus! what is the matter with the child?

I had made a motion which the viper understood; and now, partly disengaging itself from my bosom, where it had lain perdu, it raised its head to a level with my face, and stared upon my enemy with its glittering eyes.

The man stood like one transfixed, and the ladle with which he had aimed a blow at me, now hung in the air like the hand which held it: his mouth was extended, and his cheeks became of a pale yellow, save alone that place which bore the mark which I have already described, and this shone now portentously, like fire. He stood in this manner for some time; at last the ladle fell from his hand, and its falling appeared to rouse him from his stupor.

'I say, wifelkin,' said he in a faltering tone, 'did you ever see the like of this here?'

But the woman had retreated to the tent, from the entrance of which her loathly face was now thrust, with an expression partly of terror and partly of curiosity. After gazing some time longer at the viper and myself, the man stooped down and took up the ladle; then, as if somewhat more assured, he moved to the tent, where he entered into conversation with the beldame in a low voice. Of their discourse, though I could hear the greater part of it, I understood not a single word; and I wondered what it could be, for I knew by the sound that it was not French. At last the man, in a somewhat louder tone, appeared to put a question to the woman, who nodded her head affirmatively, and in a moment or two produced a small stool, which she delivered to him. He placed it on the ground, close by the door of the tent, first rubbing it with his sleeve, as if for the purpose of polishing its surface.

Man. Now, my precious little gentleman, do sit down here by the poor people's tent; we wish to be civil in our slight way Don't be angry, and say no; but look kindly upon us, and satisfied, my precious little God Almighty.

Woman. Yes, my gorgeous angel, sit down by the poor bodies' fire, and eat a sweetmeat. We want to ask you a question or two; only first put that serpent away.

Myself. I can sit down, and bid the serpent go to

sleep, that 's easy enough; but as for eating a sweetmeat, how can I do that? I have not got one, and where am I to get it?

Woman. Never fear, my tiny tawny, we can give you one, such as you never ate, I dare say, however far you may have come from.

The serpent sunk into his usual resting-place, and I sat down on the stool. The woman opened a box, and took out a strange little basket or hamper, not much larger than a man's fist, and formed of a delicate kind of matting. It was sewed at the top; but ripping it open with a knife, she held it to me, and I saw, to my surprise, that it contained candied fruits of a dark green hue, tempting enough to one of my age. 'There, my tiny,' said she; 'taste, and tell me how you like them.'

'Very much,' said I; 'where did you get them?'

The beldame leered upon me for a moment, then, nodding her head thrice, with a knowing look, said, 'Who knows better than yourself, my tawny?'

Now, I knew nothing about the matter; but I saw that these strange people had conceived a very high opinion of the abilities of their visitor, which I was nothing loath to encourage. I therefore answered boldly, 'Ah! who indeed!'

'Certainly,' said the man; 'who should know better than yourself, or so well? And now, my tiny one, let me ask you one thing—you didn't come to do us any harm?'

'No,' said I, 'I had no dislike to you; though if you were to meddle with me——'

Man. Of course, my gorgeous, of course you would; and quite right too. Meddle with you!—what right have we? I should say, it would not be quite safe. I see how it is: you are one of them there;—and he bent his head towards his left shoulder.

Myself. Yes, I am one of them—for I thought he was alluding to the soldiers,—you had best mind what you are about, I can tell you.

Man. Don't doubt we will for our own sake; Lord bless you, wifelkin, only think that we should see one of them there when we least thought about it. Well, I have heard of such things, though I have never thought to see one; however, seeing is believing. Well! now you are come, and are not going to do us any mischief, I hope you will stay; you can do us plenty of good if you will.

Myself. What good can I do you?

Man. What good? plenty! Would you not bring us luck? I have heard say, that one of them there always does, if it will but settle down. Stay with us, you shall have a tilted cart all to yourself if you like. We 'll make you our little God Almighty, and say our prayers to you every morning!

Myself. That would be nice; and if you were to give me plenty of these things, I should have no objection. But what would my father say? I think he would hardly let me.

Man. Why not? he would be with you; and kindly

would we treat him. Indeed, without your father you would be nothing at all.

Myself. That 's true; but I do not think he could be spared from his regiment. I have heard him say that they could do nothing without him.

Man. His regiment! What are you talking about? —what does the child mean?

Myself. What do I mean — why, that my father is an officer-man at the barracks yonder, keeping guard over the French prisoners.

Man. Oh! then that sap is not your father?

Myself. What, the snake? Why, no! Did you think he was?

Man. To be sure we did. Didn't you tell me so?

Myself Why, yes; but who would have thought you would have believed it? It is a tame one. I hunt vipers, and tame them.

Man. O—h!

'O—h!' grunted the woman, 'that 's it, is it?' ,

The man and woman, who during this conversation had resumed their former positions within the tent, looked at each other with a queer look of surprise, as if somewhat disconcerted at what they now heard. They then entered into discourse with each other in the same strange tongue which had already puzzled me. At length the man looked me in the face, and said, somewhat hesitatingly, 'So you are not one of them there, after all?'

Myself. One of them there? I don't know what you mean.

Man. Why, we have been thinking you were a goblin—a devilkin! However, I see how it is; you are a sap-engro, a chap who catches snakes, and plays tricks with them! Well, it comes very nearly to the same thing; and if you please to list with us, and bear us pleasant company, we shall be glad of you. I 'd take my oath upon it that we might make a mort of money by you and that sap, and the tricks it could do; and, as you seem fly to everything, I shouldn't wonder if you would make a prime hand at telling fortunes.

'I shouldn't wonder,' said I.

Man. Of course. And you might still be our God Almighty, or at any rate our clergyman, so you should live in a tilted cart by yourself, and say prayers to us night and morning—to wifelkin here, and all our family; there 's plenty of us when we are all together: as I said before, you seem fly, I shouldn't wonder if you could read?

'Oh, yes!' said I, 'I can read'; and, eager to display my accomplishments, I took my book out of my pocket, and, opening it at random, proceeded to read how a certain man, whilst wandering about a certain solitary island, entered a cave, the mouth of which was overgrown with brushwood, and how he was nearly frightened to death in that cave by something which he saw.

'That will do,' said the man; 'that 's the kind of prayers for me and my family, ar'n't they, wifelkin? I never heard more delicate prayers in all my life!

Why, they beat the rubricals hollow!—and here comes my son Jasper. I say, Jasper, here 's a young sap-engro that can read, and is more fly than yourself. Shake hands with him; I wish ye to be two brothers.'

With a swift but stealthy pace Jasper came towards us from the farther part of the lane; on reaching the tent he stood still, and looked fixedly upon me as I sat upon the stool; I looked fixedly upon him. A queer look had Jasper; he was a lad of some twelve or thirteen years, with long arms, unlike the singular being who called himself his father; his complexion was ruddy, but his face was seamed, though it did not bear the peculiar scar which disfigured the countenance of the other; nor, though roguish enough, a certain evil expression which that of the other bore, and which the face of the woman possessed in a yet more remarkable degree. For the rest, he wore drab breeches, with certain strings at the knee, a rather gay waistcoat, and tolerably white shirt; under his arm he bore a mighty whip of whalebone with a brass knob, and upon his head was a hat without either top or brim.

'There, Jasper! shake hands with the sap-engro.'

'Can he box, father?' said Jasper, surveying me rather contemptuously. 'I should think not, he looks so puny and small.'

'Hold your peace, fool!' said the man; 'he can do more than that—I tell you he 's fly: he carries a sap about, which would sting a ninny like you to dead.'

'What, a sap-engro!' said the boy, with a singular whine, and stooping down, he leered curiously in my face, kindly, however, and then patted me on the head 'A sap-engro,' he ejaculated; 'lor!'

'Yes, and one of the right sort,' said the man; 'I am glad we have met with him, he is going to list with us, and be our clergyman and God Almighty, a'n't you, my tawny?'

'I don't know,' said I; 'I must see what my father will say.'

'Your father; bah!'——but here he stopped, for a sound was heard like the rapid galloping of a horse, not loud and distinct as on a road, but dull and heavy as if upon a grass sward; nearer and nearer it came, and the man, starting up, rushed out of the tent, and looked around anxiously. I arose from the stool upon which I had been seated, and just at that moment, amidst a crashing of boughs and sticks, a man on horseback bounded over the hedge into the lane at a few yards' distance from where we were: from the impetus of the leap the horse was nearly down on his knees; the rider, however, by dint of vigorous handling of the reins, prevented him from falling, and then rode up to the tent. ''Tis Nat,' said the man; 'what brings him here?' The new-comer was a stout burly fellow, about the middle age: he had a savage determined look, and his face was nearly covered over with carbuncles; he wore a broad slouching hat, and was dressed in a grey coat cut in a fashion which I afterwards learnt to

be the genuine Newmarket cut, the skirts being exceedingly short; his waistcoat was of red plush, and he wore broad corduroy breeches and white top-boots. The steed which carried him was of iron grey, spirited and powerful, but covered with sweat and foam. The fellow glanced fiercely and suspiciously around, and said something to the man of the tent in a harsh and rapid voice. A short and hurried conversation ensued in the strange tongue. I could not take my eyes off this new-comer. Oh, that half-jockey, half-bruiser countenance, I never forgot it! More than fifteen years afterwards I found myself amidst a crowd before Newgate; a gallows was erected, and beneath it stood a criminal, a notorious malefactor. I recognized him at once; the horseman of the lane is now beneath the fatal tree, but nothing altered; still the same man; jerking his head to the right and left with the same fierce and under glance, just as if the affairs of this world had the same kind of interest to the last; grey coat of Newmarket cut, plush waistcoat, corduroys, and boots, nothing altered; but the head, alas! is bare, and so is the neck. Oh, crime and virtue, virtue and crime!—it was old John Newton, I think, who, when he saw a man going to be hanged, said, 'There goes John Newton, but for the grace of God!'

But the lane, the lane, all was now in confusion in the lane; the man and woman were employed in striking the tents and in making hurried preparations for departure; the boy Jasper was putting the harness

upon the ponies and attaching them to the carts; and, to increase the singularity of the scene, two or three wild-looking women and girls, in red cloaks and immense black beaver bonnets, came from I know not what direction, and, after exchanging a few words with the others, commenced with fierce and agitated gestures to assist them in their occupation. The rider meanwhile sat upon his horse, but evidently in a state of great impatience; he muttered curses between his teeth, spurred the animal furiously, and then reined it in, causing it to rear itself up nearly perpendicular. At last he said, 'Curse ye, for Romans, how slow ye are! well, it is no business of mine, stay here all day if you like; I have given ye warning, I am off to the big north road. However, before I go, you had better give me all you have of that.'

'Truly spoken, Nat, my pal,' said the man; 'give it him, mother. There it is; now be off as soon as you please, and rid us of evil company.'

The woman had handed him two bags formed of stocking, half-full of something heavy, which looked through them for all the world like money of some kind. The fellow, on receiving them, thrust them without ceremony into the pockets of his coat, and then, without a word of farewell salutation, departed at a tremendous rate, the hoofs of his horse thundering for a long time on the hard soil of the neighbouring road, till the sound finally died away in the distance. The strange people were not slow in completing

their preparations, and then, flogging their animals terrifically, hurried away seemingly in the same direction.

The boy Jasper was last of the band. As he was following the rest, he stopped suddenly, and looked on the ground appearing to muse; then, turning round, he came up to me where I was standing, leered in my face, and then, thrusting out his hand, he said, 'Good-bye, Sap, I dare say we shall meet again, remember we are brothers; two gentle brothers'.

Then whining forth, 'What a sap-engro, lor!' he gave me a parting leer, and hastened away.

I remained standing in the lane gazing after the retreating company. 'A strange set of people,' said I at last; 'I wonder who they can be.'

GEORGE BORROW.

THE GIPSY'S CAMP

How oft on Sundays, when I 'd time to tramp,
My rambles led me to a gipsy's camp,
Where the real effigy of midnight hags,
With tawny smokèd flesh and tattered rags,
Uncouth-brimmed hat, and weather-beaten cloak,
'Neath the wild shelter of a knotty oak,
Along the greensward uniformly pricks
Her pliant bending hazel's arching sticks:
While round-topt bush, or briar-entangled hedge,
Where flag-leaves spring beneath, or ramping sedge,

Keeps off the bothering bustle of the wind,
And give the best retreat she hopes to find.
How oft I 've bent me o'er her fire and smoke
To hear her gibberish tale so quaintly spoke,
While the old Sibyl forged her boding clack,
Two imps the meanwhile bawling at her back;
Oft on my hand her magic coin 's been struck,
And hoping chink, she talked of morts of luck:
And still, as boyish hopes did first agree,
Mingled with fears, to drop the fortune's fee,
I never failed to gain the honours sought,
And Squire and Lord were purchased with a groat.
But as man's unbelieving taste came round,
She furious stampt her shoeless foot aground,
Wiped bye her soot-black hair with clenching fist,
While through her yellow teeth the spittle hist,
Swearing by all her lucky powers of fate,
Which like as footboys on her actions wait,
That fortune's scale should to my sorrow turn,
And I one day the rash neglect should mourn;
That good to bad should change, and I should be
Lost to this world and all eternity;
That poor as Job I should remain unblest:—
(Alas, for fourpence how my die is cast!)
Of not a hoarded farthing be possest,
And when all 's done, be shoved to hell at last.

JOHN CLARE.

BRUSSELS IN WATERLOO WEEK

WHAT a day of confusion and alarm did we all spend on the 17th! That day, and 18th June, I passed in hearing the cannon! Good Heaven! what indescribable horror to be so near the field of slaughter!

Such I call it, for the preparation to the ear by the tremendous sound was soon followed by its fullest effect, in the view of the wounded. . . . And hardly more afflicting was this disabled return from the battle, than the sight of the continually pouring forth victims that marched past my windows to meet similar destruction.

Accounts from the field of battle arrived hourly; sometimes directly from the Duke of Wellington to Lady Charlotte Greville, and to some other ladies who had near relations in the combat, and which, by their means, were circulated in Brussels, and in other times from such as conveyed those amongst the wounded Belgians whose misfortunes were inflicted near enough to the skirts of the spots of action to allow of their being dragged away by their hovering countrymen to the city.

During this period I spent my whole time in seeking intelligence. . . . Ten times at least I crossed over to Madame d'Hénin, discussing plans and probabilities and interchanging hopes and fears.

Madame d'Hénin and Madame de la Tour du Pin

projecting retreating to Gand, should the approach of the enemy be unchecked, to avail themselves of such protection as might be obtained from seeking it under the wing of Louis XVIII. M. de la Tour du Pin had, I believe, remained there with his Majesty.

M. de Lally and the Boyds inclined to Antwerp, where they might safely await the fate of Brussels, near enough for returning should it weather the storm, yet within reach of vessels to waft them to the British shores should it be lost.

Should this last be the fatal termination, I, of course, had agreed to join the party of the voyage, and resolved to secure my passport, that, while I waited to the last moment, I might yet be prepared for a hasty retreat.

I applied for a passport to Colonel Jones, to whom the Duke of Wellington had deputed the military command of Brussels in his absence; but he was unwilling to sanction an evacuation of Brussels, which he deemed premature. It was not, he said, for *us*, the English, to spread alarm, or prepare for an overthrow: he had not sent away his own wife or children, and he had no doubt but victory would repay his confidence.

I found upon again going my rounds for information, that though news was arriving incessantly from the scene of action, and with details always varying, Bonaparte was always advancing. All the people of Brussels lived in the streets. Doors seemed of

no use, for they were never shut. The individuals, when they entered their houses, only resided at the windows: so that the whole population of the city seemed constantly in public view. Not only business as well as society was annihilated, but even every species of occupation. All of which we seemed capable was, to inquire or to relate, to speak or to hear. Yet no clamour, no wrangling, nor even debate was intermixed with either question or answer; curiosity, though incessant, was serene; the faces were all monotony, though the tidings were all variety. I could attribute this only to the length of time during which the inhabitants had been habituated to change both of masters and measures, and to their finding that, upon an average, they neither lost nor gained by such successive revolutions.

But what a day was the next—18th June—the greatest, perhaps, in its results, in the annals of Great Britain!

I was calmly reposing, when I was awakened by the sound of feet abruptly entering my drawing-room. I started, and had but just time to see by my watch that it was only six o'clock, when a rapping at my bedroom door made me slip on a long kind of domino, and demand what was the matter. 'Open your door! There is not a moment to lose!' was the answer in the voice of Miss Ann Boyd. I obeyed in great alarm, and saw that pretty and pleasing young woman with her mother, Mrs. Boyd. They both eagerly told me that all their new hopes had been

overthrown by better authenticated news, that I must be with them by eight o'clock, to proceed to the wharf, and set sail for Antwerp, whence we must sail on for England, should the taking of Brussels by Bonaparte endanger Antwerp also.

My host and my maid carried my small package, and I arrived before eight o'clock in the Rue d'Assault. We set off for the wharf on foot, not a fiacre or chaise being procurable. Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, five or six of their family, a governess, and I believe some servants, with bearers of our baggage, made our party. When we had got about a third of the way, a heavy rumbling sound made us stop to listen. It was approaching nearer and nearer, and we soon found that we were followed by innumerable carriages, and a multitude of persons. . . .

Arrived at the wharf, Mr. Boyd pointed out to us our barge, which seemed fully ready for our departure; but the crowd, already come, and still coming, so incommoded us, that Mr. Boyd desired we would enter a large inn and wait till he could speak with the master, and arrange our luggage and places. We went, therefore, into a spacious room and ordered breakfast, when the room was entered by a body of military men of all sorts; but we were suffered to keep our ground till Mr. Boyd came to inform us that we must all decamp!

He conducted us, not to the barge, not to the wharf, but to the road back to Brussels; telling us, in an accent of depression, that he feared all was

lost—that Bonaparte was advancing—that his point was decidedly Brussels—and that the Duke of Wellington had sent orders that all the magazines, the artillery, and the warlike stores of every description, and all the wounded, the maimed, and the sick, should be immediately removed to Antwerp. For this purpose he had issued directions that every barge, every boat, should be seized for the use of the army; and that everything of value should be conveyed away, the hospitals emptied, and Brussels evacuated.

If this intelligence filled us with the most fearful alarm, how much more affrighting still was the sound of cannon which next assailed our ears! The dread reverberation became louder and louder as we proceeded.

Yet, strange to relate, on re-entering the city all seemed quiet and tranquil as usual! and though it was in this imminent and immediate danger of being invested, and perhaps pillaged, I saw no outward mark of distress or disturbance, or even of hurry or curiosity.

Having re-lodged us in the Rue d'Assault, Mr. Boyd tried to find some land carriage for our removal. But not only every chaise had been taken, and every diligence secured; the cabriolets, the calèches, nay, the wagons and the carts, and every species of caravan, had been seized for military service. And, after the most efforts he could make, in every kind of way, he told us we must wait the chances of the

day, for that there was no possibility of escape from Brussels, either by land or water.

I was seated at my bureau and writing, when a loud 'hurrah!' reached my ears from some distance, while the daughter of my host, a girl of about eighteen, gently opened my door, said the fortune of the day had suddenly turned, and that Bonaparte was taken prisoner.

At the same time the 'hurrah!' came nearer. I flew to the window; my host and hostess came also, crying, 'Bonaparte est pris! le voilà! le voilà!'

I then saw on a noble war-horse in full equipment, a general in the splendid uniform of France; but visibly disarmed, and, to all appearance, tied to his horse, or, at least, held on, so as to disable him from making any effort to gallop it off, and surrounded, preceded, and followed by a crew of roaring wretches, who seemed eager for the moment when he should be lodged where they had orders to conduct him, that they might unhorse, strip, pillage him, and divide the spoil.

His high, feathered, glittering helmet he had pressed down as low as he could on his forehead, and I could not discern his face; but I was instantly certain he was not Bonaparte . . . as all the attendant throng were evidently amongst the refuse of the army followers. I was afterwards informed that this unfortunate general was the Count Lobau.

The delusion of victory vanished into a merely passing advantage, as I gathered from the earnest

researches into which it led me; and evil only met all ensuing investigation; retreat and defeat were the words in every mouth around me! The Prussians, it was asserted, were completely vanquished on the 15th, and the English on the 16th, while on the day just passed, the 17th, a day of continual fighting and bloodshed, drawn battles on both sides left each party proclaiming what neither party could prove—success.

It was Sunday; but church service was out of the question, though never were prayers more frequent, more fervent. Form, indeed, they could not have, nor union, while constantly expecting the enemy with fire and sword at the gates. Who could enter a place of worship, at the risk of making it a scene of slaughter?

Not above a quarter of an hour had I been restored to my sole occupation of solace, before I was again interrupted and startled; but not as on the preceding occasion by riotous shouts; the sound was a howl, violent, loud, affrighting, and issuing from many voices. I ran to the window, and saw the Marché aux Bois suddenly filling with a populace, pouring in from all its avenues, and hurrying on rapidly, and yet as if unconscious in what direction, while women with children in their arms, or clinging to their clothes, ran screaming out of doors; and cries, though not a word was ejaculated, filled the air, and from every house I saw windows closing and shutters fastening; all this, though long in writing, was

presented to my eyes in a single moment, and was followed in another by a burst into my apartment, to announce that *the French were come!*

I know not even who made this declaration; my head was out of the window, and the person who made it scarcely entered the room and was gone.

How terrific was this moment! My perilous situation urged me to instant flight; and, without waiting to speak to the people of the house, I crammed my papers and money into a basket, and throwing on a shawl and bonnet, I flew downstairs and out of doors.

My intention was to go to the Boyds, to partake, as I had engaged, their fate; but the crowd were all issuing from the way I must have turned to have gained the Rue d'Assault, and I thought, therefore, I might be safer with Madame de Maurville, who, also, not being English, would be less obnoxious to the Bonapartists.

What a dreadful day did I pass! dreadful in the midst of its glory; for it was not during those operations which sent details partially to our ears that we could judge of the positive state of affairs, or build upon any permanency of success. Yet here I soon recovered from all alarm for personal safety, and lost the horrible apprehension of being in the midst of a city that was taken, sword in hand, by an enemy.

The *alerte* which had produced this effect, I afterwards learnt, though not till the next day, was utterly false; but whether it had been produced by

mistake or by deceit I never knew. The French, indeed, were coming, but not triumphantly; they were prisoners, surprised and taken suddenly, and brought in, being disarmed, by an escort; and, as they were numerous, and their French uniform was discernible from afar, the almost universal belief at Brussels that Bonaparte was invincible might perhaps, without any intended deception, have raised the report that they were advancing as conquerors.

I attempt no description of this day, the grandeur of which was unknown, or unbelieved, in Brussels till it had taken its flight, and could only be named as time past.

FANNY BURNEY.

WATERLOO

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound, the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell.
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war:
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—'The foe! They come! they come!'

And wild and high the 'Cameron's gathering' rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass

Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder, cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

LORD BYRON.

THOR

ONE of Thor's expeditions, to Utgard (the *Outer* Garden, central seat of Jötun-land), is remarkable in this respect. Thialfi was with him, and Loke. After various adventures, they entered upon Giant-land; wandered over plains, wild uncultivated places, among stones and trees. At nightfall they noticed a house; and as the door, which indeed formed one whole side of the house, was open, they entered. It was a simple habitation; one large hall, altogether empty. They stayed there. Suddenly in the dead

of the night loud noises alarmed them. Thor grasped his hammer; stood in the door, prepared for fight. His companions within ran hither and thither in their terror, seeking some outlet in that rude hall; they found a little closet at last, and took refuge there. Neither had Thor any battle: for, lo, in the morning it turned out that the noise had been only the *snoring* of a certain enormous but peaceable Giant, the Giant Skrymir, who lay peaceably sleeping near by; and this that they took for a house was merely his *Glove*, thrown aside there; the door was the Glove-wrist; the little closet they had fled into was the Thumb! Such a glove;—I remark too that it had not fingers as ours have, but only a thumb, and the rest undivided: a most ancient, rustic glove!

Skrymir now carried their portmanteau all day; Thor, however, had his own suspicions, did not like the ways of Skrymir; determined at night to put an end to him as he slept. Raising his hammer, he struck down into the Giant's face a right thunderbolt blow, of force to rend rocks. The Giant merely awoke; rubbed his cheek, and said, Did a leaf fall? Again Thor struck, so soon as Skrymir again slept; a better blow than before: but the Giant only murmured, Was that a grain of sand? Thor's third stroke was with both his hands (the 'knuckles white' I suppose), and seemed to dint deep into Skrymir's visage; but he merely checked his snore, and remarked, There must be sparrows roosting in this tree, I think; what is that they have dropt?—At the gate of

Utgard, a place so high that you had to 'strain your neck bending back to see the top of it', Skrymir went his ways. Thor and his companions were admitted; invited to take share in the games going on. To Thor, for his part, they handed a Drinking-horn; it was a common feat, they told him, to drink this dry at one draught. Long and fiercely, three times over, Thor drank; but made hardly any impression. He was a weak child, they told him; could he lift that Cat he saw there? Small as the feat seemed, Thor with his whole godlike strength could not; he bent-up the creature's back, could not raise its feet off the ground, could at the utmost raise one foot. Why, you are no man, said the Utgard people; there is an Old Woman that will wrestle you! Thor, heartily ashamed, seized this haggard Old Woman; but could not throw her.

And now, on their quitting Utgard, the Chief Jötun, escorting them politely a little way, said to Thor: 'You are beaten then:—yet be not so much ashamed; there was deception of appearance in it. That Horn you tried to drink was the *Sea*: you did make it ebb; but who could drink that, the bottomless! The Cat you would have lifted,—why, that is the *Midgard-snake*, the Great World-serpent, which, tail in mouth, girds and keeps up the whole created world; had you torn that up, the world must have rushed to ruin! As for the Old Woman, she was *Time*, Old Age, Duration; with her what can wrestle? No man nor no god with her; gods or men, she

prevails over all! And then those three strokes you struck,—look at these *three valleys*; your three strokes made these!' Thor looked at his attendant Jötun: it was Skrymir;—it was, say Norse critics, the old chaotic rocky *Earth* in person, and that glove-*house* was some Earth-cavern! But Skrymir had vanished; Utgard with its skyhigh gates, when Thor grasped his hammer to smite them, had gone to air; only the Giant's voice was heard mocking: 'Better come no more to Jötunheim!'—

This is of the allegoric period, as we see, and half play, not of the prophetic and entirely devout: but as a mythus is there not real antique Norse gold in it? More true metal, rough from the Mimer-stithy, than in many a famed Greek Mythus *shaped* far better! A great broad Brobdignag grin of true humour is in this Skrymir; mirth resting on earnestness and sadness, as the rainbow on black tempest: only a right valiant heart is capable of that. It is the grim humour of our own Ben Jonson, rare old Ben; runs in the blood of us, I fancy; for one catches tones of it, under a still other shape, out of the American Backwoods. . . .

And now, let us glance at the *last* mythus of the appearance of Thor; and end there. I fancy it to be the latest in date of all these fables; a sorrowing protest against the advance of Christianity,—set forth reproachfully by some Conservative Pagan. King Olaf has been harshly blamed for his over-zeal in introducing Christianity; surely I should have

blamed him far more for an under-zeal in that! He paid dear enough for it; he died by the revolt of his Pagan people, in battle, in the year 1033, at Stickelstad, near that Drontheim, where the chief Cathedral of the North has now stood for many centuries, dedicated gratefully to his memory as *Saint* Olaf. The mythus about Thor is to this effect. King Olaf, the Christian Reform King, is sailing with fit escort along the shore of Norway, from haven to haven; dispensing justice, or doing other royal work: on leaving a certain haven, it is found that a stranger, of grave eyes and aspect, red beard, of stately robust figure, has stept in. The courtiers address him; his answers surprise by their pertinency and depth: at length he is brought to the King. The stranger's conversation here is not less remarkable, as they sail along the beautiful shore; but after some time, he addresses King Olaf thus: 'Yes, King Olaf, it is all beautiful, with the sun shining on it there; green, fruitful, a right fair home for you; and many a sore day had Thor, many a wild fight with the rock Jötuns, before he could make it so. And now you seem minded to put away Thor. King Olaf, have a care!' said the stranger, drawing down his brows;—and when they looked again, he was nowhere to be found.—This is the last appearance of Thor on the stage of this world!

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE SEA-KING'S BURIAL

'My strength is failing fast,'
Said the Sea-king to his men;—
'I shall never sail the seas,
Like a conqueror again.
But while yet a drop remains
Of the Life-blood in my veins,
Raise, oh raise me from the bed;—
Put the crown upon my head;—
Put my good sword in my hand;
And so lead me to the strand,
Where my ship at anchor rides
Steadily;
If I cannot end my life
In the bloody battle-strife,
Let me die as I have lived,
On the sea.'

They have raised King Balder up,
Put his crown upon his head;
They have sheathed his limbs in mail,
And the purple o'er him spread;
And amid the greeting rude
Of a gathering multitude,
Borne him slowly to the shore—
All the energy of yore
From his dim eyes flashing forth—
Old sea-lion of the North;

As he looked upon his ship
Riding free.
And on his forehead pale
Felt the cold refreshing gale,
And heard the welcome sound
Of the sea.

'Hurrah! for mighty Balder!
As he lived, so will he die!
Hurrah! hurrah! for Balder!'
Said the crowd as he went by.
'He will perish on the wave,
Like the old Vikings brave;
And in high Valhalla's halls
Hold eternal festivals;
And drink the blood-red draught
None but heroes ever quaffed,
With Odin and the spirits
Of the free.
In the fire or in the wreck,
He will die upon the deck
And be buried like a monarch
Of the sea.'

Old Balder heard their shouts
As they bore him to the beach;
And his fading eye grew bright
With the eloquence of speech,
As he heard the mighty roar

Of the people on the shore,
And the trumpets pealing round
With a bold triumphal sound,
And saw the flags afar
Of a hundred ships of war,
That were riding in the harbour
Gallantly.
And said Balder to his men—
And his pale cheek flushed again—
'I have lived, and I will die
On the sea'.

They have borne him to the ship
With a slow and solemn tread;
They have placed him on the deck
With his crown upon his head,
Where he sat as on a throne;
And have left him there alone,
With his anchor ready weigh'd,
And the snowy sails display'd
To the favouring wind once more
Blowing freshly from the shore;
And have bidden him farewell
Tenderly;
Saying, 'King of mighty men,
We shall meet thee yet again,
In Valhalla, with the monarchs
Of the sea'.

Underneath him in the hold
They had placed the lighted brand;
And the fire was burning slow
As the vessel from the land,
Like a staghound from the slips,
Darted forth from out the ships;—
There was music in her sail
As it swell'd before the gale,
And a dashing at her prow
As it cleft the waves below,
And the good ship sped along,
Scudding free.
As on many a battle morn
In her time she had been borne,
To struggle and to conquer
On the sea.

And the King with sudden strength
Started up and paced the deck,
With his good sword for his staff,
And his robe around his neck;—
Once alone he waved his hand
To the people on the land
With a shout and joyous cry.
Once again they made reply
Till the loud, exulting cheer
Sounded faintly on his ear;
For the gale was o'er him blowing,
Fresh and free;

And ere yet an hour had pass'd,
He was driven before the blast,
And a storm was on his path
On the sea.

And still upon the deck—
While the storm about him rent,
King Balder paced about
Till his failing strength was spent.
Then he stopp'd awhile to rest—
Crossed his hands upon his breast,
And looked upward to the sky,
And heard the tall mast creak,
And the fitful tempest speak
Shrill and fierce, to the billows
Rushing free;
And within himself, he said,
'I am coming, O ye dead!
To join you in Valhalla,
O'er the sea.

'So blow, ye tempests, blow,
And my spirit shall not quail;
I have fought with many a foe,
I have weathered many a gale;
And in this hour of death,
Ere I yield my fleeting breath
Ere the fire now burning slow
Shall come rushing from below,

And this worn and wasted frame
Be devoted to the flame—
I will raise my voice in triumph,
Singing free;—
To the great All-Father's home
I am driving through the foam,
I am sailing to Valhalla,
O'er the sea.

'So blow, ye stormy winds—
And ye flames, ascend on high;—
In the easy, idle bed
Let the slave and coward die!
But give me the driving keel,
Clang of shields and flashing steel;—
Or my foot on foreign ground
With my enemies around!
Happy! happy thus I yield,
On the deck or on the field,
My last breath shouting, "On
To Victory!"
But since *this* has been denied,
They shall say that I have died
Without flinching, like a monarch
Of the sea.'

And Balder spake no more,
And no sound escaped his lip;—
And he looked, yet scarcely saw
The destruction of his ship;

Nor the fleet sparks mounting high,
Nor the glare upon the sky;—
Scarcely heard the billows dash,
Nor the burning timber crash;—
Scarcely felt the scorching heat
That was gathering at his feet,
Nor the fierce flames mounting o'er him
Greedily.
But the life was in him yet,
And the courage to forget
All his pain, in his triumph
On the sea.

Once alone a cry arose,
Half of anguish, half of pride,
As he sprang upon his feet,
With the flames on every side.
'I am coming!' said the King,
'Where the swords and bucklers ring—
Where the warrior lives again
With the souls of mighty men—
Where the weary find repose,
And the red wine ever flows:
I am coming, great All-Father,
Unto thee!
Unto Odin, unto Thor,
And the strong, true hearts of yore—
I am coming to Valhalla,
O'er the sea.'

Red and fierce upon the sky
  Until midnight shone the glare,
And the burning ship drove on—
  Like a meteor of the air.
She was driven and hurried past,
'Mid the roaring of the blast.
And of Balder, warrior-born,
Naught remained at break of morn
On the charr'd and blacken'd hull,
But some ashes, and a skull;
And still the vessel drifted
Heavily,
With a pale and hazy light
Until far into the night,
When the storm had spent its rage
On the sea.

Then the ocean ceased her strife
  With the wild wind lull'd to rest,
And a full, round, placid moon
  Shed a halo on her breast;
And the burning ship still lay
On the deep sea, far away;
From her ribs of solid oak,
Pouring forth the flame and smoke:
Until, burnt through all her bulk
To the water's edge, the hulk
Down a thousand fathoms founder'd

Suddenly,
With a low and sullen sound,
While the billows sang around
Sad requiems for the monarch
Of the sea.

CHARLES MACKAY.

A CHILD'S READING OF HOMER

I, TOO, loved Homer, but not with a scholar's love. The most humble and pious amongst women was yet so proud a mother that she could teach her first-born son, no Watts's hymns—no collects for the day; she could teach him in earliest childhood, no less than this—to find a home in his saddle, and to love old Homer, and all that old Homer sung. True it is, that the Greek was ingeniously rendered into English—the English of Pope—but not even a mesh like that can screen an earnest child from the fire of Homer's battles.

I pored over the Odyssey as over a story-book, hoping and fearing for the hero whom yet I partly scorned. But the Iliad—line by line, I clasped it to my brain with reverence as well as with love. As an old woman deeply trustful sits reading her Bible because of the world to come, so as though it would fit me for the coming strife of this temporal world,

I read, and read the Iliad. Even outwardly it was not like other books; it was throned in towering folios. There was a preface or dissertation printed in type still more majestic than the rest of the book; this I read, but not till my enthusiasm for the Iliad had already run high. The writer compiling the opinions of many men, and chiefly of the ancients, set forth, I know not how quaintly, that the Iliad was all in all to the human race—that it was history, poetry, revelation—that the works of men's hands were folly and vanity, and would pass away like the dreams of a child, but that the kingdom of Homer would endure for ever and ever.

I assented with all my soul. I read, and still read; I came to know Homer. A learned commentator knows something of the Greeks, in the same sense as an oil and colour man may be said to know something of painting; but take an untamed child, and leave him alone for twelve months with any translation of Homer, and he will be nearer by twenty centuries to the spirit of old Greece: *he* does not stop in the ninth year of the siege to admire this or that group of words—*he* has no books in his tent, but he shares in vital counsels with the 'King of men', and knows the inmost souls of the impending gods; how profanely he exults over the powers divine when they are taught to dread the prowess of mortals! and most of all, how he rejoices when the God of War flies howling from the spear of Diomed, and mounts into heaven for safety! Then the

beautiful episode of the sixth book: the way to feel this is not to go casting about, and learning from pastors and masters how best to admire it; the impatient child is not grubbing for beauties, but pushing the siege; the women vex him with their delays and their talking—the mention of the nurse is personal, and little sympathy has he for the child that is young enough to be frightened at the nodding plume of a helmet; but all the while that he thus chafes at the pausing of the action, the strong vertical light of Homer's poetry is blazing so full upon the people and things of the Iliad, that soon to the eyes of the child they grow familiar as his mother's shawl; yet of this great gain he is unconscious, and on he goes, vengefully thirsting for the best blood of Troy, and never remitting his fierceness, till almost suddenly it is changed for sorrow—the new and generous sorrow that he learns to feel, when the noblest of all his foes lies sadly dying at the Scaean gate.

ALEXANDER W. KINGLAKE.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told

That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEATS.

THESEUS SLAYS THE MINOTAUR

BUT Theseus stood before Minos, and they looked each other in the face. And Minos bade take them to prison, and cast them to the monster one by one, that the death of Androgeos might be avenged. Then Theseus cried:

'A boon, O Minos! Let me be thrown first to the beast. For I came hither for that very purpose, of my own will, and not by lot.'

'Who art thou, then, brave youth?'

'I am the son of him whom of all men thou hatest most, Ægeus the king of Athens, and I am come here to end this matter.'

And Minos pondered awhile, looking steadfastly at him, and he thought, 'The lad means to atone

by his own death for his father's sin'; and he answered at last mildly:

'Go back in peace, my son. It is a pity that one so brave should die.'

But Theseus said, 'I have sworn that I will not go back till I have seen the monster face to face.'

And at that Minos frowned, and said, 'Then thou shalt see him; take the madman away.'

And they led Theseus away into the prison, with the other youths and maids.

But Ariadne, Minos' daughter, saw him, as she came out of her white stone hall; and she loved him for his courage and his majesty, and said, 'Shame that such a youth should die!' And by night she went down to the prison, and told him all her heart; and said:

'Flee down to your ship at once, for I have bribed the guards before the door. Flee, you and all your friends, and go back in peace to Greece; and take me, take me with you! for I dare not stay after you are gone; for my father will kill me miserably, if he knows what I have done.'

And Theseus stood silent awhile; for he was astonished and confounded by her beauty: but at last he said, 'I cannot go home in peace, till I have seen and slain this Minotaur, and avenged the deaths of the youths and maidens, and put an end to the terrors of my land.'

'And will you kill the Minotaur? How then?'

'I know not, nor do I care: but he must be strong if he be too strong for me.'

Then she loved him all the more, and said, 'But when you have killed him, how will you find your way out of the labyrinth?'

'I know not, neither do I care: but it must be a strange road, if I do not find it out before I have eaten up the monster's carcase.'

Then she loved him all the more, and said:

'Fair youth, you are too bold; but I can help you, weak as I am. I will give you a sword, and with that perhaps you may slay the beast; and a clue of thread, and by that, perhaps, you may find your way out again. Only promise me that if you escape safe you will take me home with you to Greece; for my father will surely kill me, if he knows what I have done.'

Then Theseus laughed and said, 'Am I not safe enough now?' And he hid the sword in his bosom, and rolled up the clue in his hand; and then he swore to Ariadne, and fell down before her and kissed her hands and her feet; and she wept over him a long while, and then went away; and Theseus lay down and slept sweetly.

And when the evening came, the guards came in and led him away to the labyrinth.

And he went down into that doleful gulf, through winding paths among the rocks, under caverns, and arches, and galleries, and over heaps of fallen stone. And he turned on the left hand, and on the right

hand, and went up and down, till his head was dizzy; but all the while he held his clue. For when he went in he had fastened it to a stone, and left it to unroll out of his hand as he went on; and it lasted him till he met the Minotaur, in a narrow chasm between black cliffs.

And when he saw him he stopped awhile, for he had never seen so strange a beast. His body was a man's; but his head was the head of a bull, and his teeth were the teeth of a lion, and with them he tore his prey. And when he saw Theseus he roared, and put his head down, and rushed right at him.

But Theseus stept nimbly aside, and as he passed by, cut him in the knee; and ere he could turn in the narrow path, he followed him, and stabbed him again and again from behind, till the monster fled bellowing wildly; for he never before had felt a wound. And Theseus followed him at full speed, holding the clue of thread in his left hand.

Then on, through cavern after cavern, under dark ribs of sounding stone, and up rough glens and torrent-beds, among the sunless roots of Ida, and to the edge of the eternal snow, went they, the hunter and the hunted, while the hills bellowed to the monster's bellow.

And at last Theseus came up with him, where he lay panting on a slab among the snow, and caught him by the horns, and forced his head back, and drove the keen sword through his throat.

Then he turned, and went back limping and weary, feeling his way down by the clue of thread, till he came to the mouth of that doleful place; and saw waiting for him, whom but Ariadne!

And he whispered, 'It is done!' and showed her the sword; and she laid her finger on her lips and led him to the prison, and opened the doors, and set all the prisoners free, while the guards lay sleeping heavily; for she had silenced them with wine.

Then they fled to their ship together, and leapt on board, and hoisted up the sail; and the night lay dark around them, so that they passed through Minos' ships, and escaped all safe to Naxos; and there Ariadne became Theseus' wife.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

ONE CROWDED HOUR

SOUND, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
  Throughout the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
  Is worth an age without a name.

MAJOR MORDAUNT.

SCHOOLBOYS

A Hopeless Case

Let us, people who are so uncommonly clever and learned, have a great tenderness and pity for the poor folks who are not endowed with the prodigious talents which we have. I have always had a regard for dunces;—those of my own schooldays were amongst the pleasantest of fellows, and have turned out by no means the dullest in life; whereas many a youth who could turn off Latin hexameters by the yard, and construe Greek quite glibly, is no better than a feeble prig now, with not a pennyworth more brains than were in his head before his beard grew.

Those poor dunces! Talk of being the last man, ah! what a pang it must be to be the last boy—huge, misshapen, fourteen years of age, and 'taken up' by a chap who is but six years old, and can't speak quite plain yet!

Master Hulker is in that condition at Birch's. He is the most honest, kind, active, plucky, generous creature. He can do many things better than most boys. He can go up a tree, jump, play at cricket, drive and swim perfectly—he can eat twice as much as almost any boy (as Miss Birch well knows), he has a pretty talent at carving figures with his hack-knife, he makes and paints little coaches, he can take

a watch to pieces and put it together again. He can do everything but learn his lesson; and then he sticks at the bottom of the school, hopeless. As the little boys are drafted in from Miss Raby's class (it is true she is one of the best instructresses in the world), they enter and hop over poor Hulker. He would be handed over to the governess, only he is too big. Sometimes I used to think that this desperate stupidity was a stratagem of the poor rascal's, and that he shammed dullness, so that he might be degraded into Miss Raby's class—if she would teach *me*, I know, before George, I would put on a pinafore and a little jacket—but no, it is a natural incapacity for the Latin Grammar.

If you could see his grammar, it is a perfect curiosity of dog's-ears. The leaves and cover are all curled and ragged. Many of the pages are worn away with the rubbing of his elbows as he sits poring over the hopeless volume, with the blows of his fists as he thumps it madly, or with the poor fellow's tears. You see him wiping them away with the back of his hand, as he tries and tries, and can't do it.

When I think of that Latin Grammar, and that infernal *As in præsenti*, and of other things which I was made to learn in my youth; upon my conscience, I am surprised that we ever survived it. When one thinks of the boys who have been caned because they could not master that intolerable jargon! Good Lord, what a pitiful chorus these poor little creatures

send up! Be gentle with them, ye schoolmasters, and only whop those who *won't* learn.

The Doctor has operated upon Hulker (between ourselves), but the boy was so little affected you would have thought he had taken chloroform. Birch is weary of whipping now, and leaves the boy to go his own gait. Prince, when he hears the lesson, and who cannot help making fun of a fool, adopts the sarcastic manner with Master Hulker, and says, 'Mr. Hulker, may I take the liberty to inquire if your brilliant intellect has enabled you to perceive the difference between those words which grammarians have defined as substantive and adjective nouns?—if not, perhaps Mr. Ferdinand Timmins will instruct you'. And Timmins hops over Hulker's head.

I wish Prince would leave off girding at the poor lad. He is a boy, and his mother is a widow woman, who loves him with all her might. There is a famous sneer about the suckling of fools and the chronicling of small beer; but remember it was a rascal who uttered it.

THE DEAR BROTHERS

A Melodrama in several Rounds

THE DOCTOR.

MR. TIPPER, Uncle to the Masters Boxall.

BOXALL Major, BOXALL Minor, BROWN, JONES, SMITH, ROBINSON, TIFFIN Minimus.

Brown. Go it, old Boxall!
Jones. Give it him, young Boxall!
Robinson. Pitch into him, old Boxall!
Smith. Two to one on young Boxall!

Enter Tiffin Minimus, running.

Tiffin Minimus. Boxalls! you 're wanted.

The Doctor (*without, to Mr. Tipper*). Every boy in the school loves them, my dear sir; your nephews are a credit to my establishment. They are orderly, well-conducted, gentlemanlike boys. Let us enter and find them at their studies.

Enter The Doctor and Mr. Tipper.

GRAND TABLEAU.

Briggs in Luck

Enter the Knife-boy. Hamper for Briggses!

Master Brown. Hurray, Tom Briggs! I 'll lend you my knife.

If this story does not carry its own moral, what fable does, I wonder? Before the arrival of that hamper, Master Briggs was in no better repute than any other young gentleman of the lower school; and in fact I had occasion myself, only lately, to correct Master Brown for kicking his friend's shins during the writing-lesson. But how this basket, directed by his mother's housekeeper, and marked 'GLASS WITH CARE' (whence I conclude that it contains some jam and some bottles of wine, probably, as well as the usual cake and game-pie, and half a sovereign for the elder Master B., and five new shillings for Master Decimus Briggs)—how, I say, the arrival of this basket alters all Master Briggs' circumstances in life, and the estimation in which many persons regard him!

If he is a good-hearted boy, as I have reason to think, the very first thing he will do, before inspecting the contents of the hamper, or cutting into them with the knife which Master Brown has so considerately lent him, will be to read over the letter from home which lies on the top of the parcel. He does so, as I remark to Miss Raby (for whom I happened to be mending pens when the little circumstance

arose), with a flushed face and winking eyes. Look how the other boys are peering into the basket as he reads.—I say to her, 'Isn't it a pretty picture?' Part of the letter is in a very large hand. This is from his little sister. And I would wager that she netted the little purse which he has just taken out of it, and which Master Lynx is eyeing.

'You are a droll man, and remark all sorts of queer things,' Miss Raby says, smiling, and plying her swift needle and fingers as quick as possible.

'I am glad we are both on the spot, and that the little fellow lies under our guns as it were, and so is protected from some such brutal school-pirate as young Duval for instance, who would rob him, probably, of some of those good things; good in themselves, and better because fresh from home. See, there is a pie, as I said, and which I dare say is better than those which are served at our table (but you never take any notice of such kind of things, Miss Raby), a cake of course, a bottle of currant-wine, jam-pots, and no end of pears in the straw. With their money little Briggs will be able to pay the tick which that imprudent child has run up with Mrs. Ruggles; and I shall let Briggs Major pay for the pencil-case which Bullock sold to him. It will be a lesson to the young prodigal for the future. But, I say, what a change there will be in his life for some time to come, and at least until his present wealth is spent! The boys who bully him will

mollify towards him, and accept his pie and sweetmeats. They will have feasts in the bedroom; and that wine will taste more delicious to them than the best out of the Doctor's cellar. The cronies will be invited. Young Master Wagg will tell his most dreadful story and sing his best song for a slice of that pie. What a jolly night they will have! When we go the rounds at night, Mr. Prince and I will take care to make a noise before we come to Briggs' room, so that the boys may have time to put the light out, to push the things away, and to scud into bed. Doctor Spry may be put in requisition the next morning.'

'Nonsense! you absurd creature,' cries out Miss Raby, laughing; and I lay down the twelfth pen very nicely mended.

'Yes; after luxury comes the doctor, I say; after extravagance a hole in the breeches-pocket. To judge from his disposition, Briggs Major will not be much better off a couple of days hence than he is now; and, if I am not mistaken, will end life a poor man. Brown will be kicking his shins before a week is over, depend upon it. There are boys and men of all sorts, Miss R.—There are selfish sneaks who hoard until the store they daren't use grows mouldy—there are spendthrifts who fling away, parasites who flatter and lick its shoes, and snarling curs who hate and envy, good fortune.'

I put down the last of the pens, brushing away with it the quill-chips from her desk first, and she

looked at me with a kind wondering face. I brushed them away, clicked the penknife into my pocket, made her a bow, and walked off—for the bell was ringing for school.

W. M. THACKERAY.

THE SCHOOLMASTER

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew:
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For, even tho' vanquished, he could argue still;

While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

DINNER AT DR. BLIMBER'S

—the expensive school to which Mr. Dombey sent his son Paul.

DOCTOR Blimber was already in his place in the dining-room, at the top of the table, with Miss Blimber and Mrs. Blimber on either side of him. Mr. Feeder in a black coat was at the bottom. Paul's chair was next to Miss Blimber; but it being found, when he sat in it, that his eyebrows were not much above the level of the table-cloth, some books were brought in from the doctor's study, on which he was elevated, and on which he always sat from that time—carrying them in and out himself on after occasions, like a little elephant and castle.

Grace having been said by the Doctor, dinner began. There was some nice soup; also roast meat, boiled meat, vegetables, pie, and cheese. Every young gentleman had a massive silver fork, and a napkin; and all the arrangements were stately and handsome. In particular, there was a butler in a

blue coat and bright buttons, who gave quite a winey flavour to the table beer; he poured it out so superbly.

Nobody spoke, unless spoken to, except Doctor Blimber, Mrs. Blimber, and Miss Blimber, who conversed occasionally. Whenever a young gentleman was not actually engaged with his knife and fork or spoon, his eye, with an irresistible attraction, sought the eye of Doctor Blimber, Mrs. Blimber, or Miss Blimber, and modestly rested there. Toots appeared to be the only exception to this rule. He sat next Mr. Feeder on Paul's side of the table, and frequently looked behind and before the intervening boys to catch a glimpse of Paul.

Only once during dinner was there any conversation that included the young gentlemen. It happened at the epoch of the cheese, when the doctor, having taken a glass of port wine, and hemmed twice or thrice, said:

'It is remarkable, Mr. Feeder, that the Romans—'

At the mention of this terrible people, their implacable enemies, every young gentleman fastened his gaze upon the doctor, with an assumption of the deepest interest. One of the number who happened to be drinking, and who caught the doctor's eye glaring at him through the side of his tumbler, left off so hastily that he was convulsed for some moments, and in the sequel ruined Doctor Blimber's point.

'It is remarkable, Mr. Feeder,' said the doctor, beginning again slowly, 'that the Romans, in those

gorgeous and profuse entertainments of which we read in the days of the emperors, when luxury had attained a height unknown before or since, and when whole provinces were ravaged to supply the splendid means of one Imperial Banquet—'

Here the offender, who had been swelling and straining, and waiting in vain for a full stop, broke out violently.

'Johnson,' said Mr. Feeder, in a low reproachful voice, 'take some water.'

The doctor, looking very stern, made a pause until the water was brought, and then resumed:

'And when, Mr. Feeder—'

But Mr. Feeder, who saw that Johnson must break out again, and who knew that the doctor would never come to a period before the young gentlemen until he had finished all he meant to say, couldn't keep his eye off Johnson; and thus was caught in the fact of not looking at the doctor, who consequently stopped.

'I beg your pardon, sir,' said Mr. Feeder, reddening. 'I beg your pardon, Doctor Blimber.'

'And when,' said the doctor, raising his voice, 'when, sir, as we read, and have no reason to doubt—incredible as it may appear to the vulgar of our time—the brother of Vitellius prepared for him a feast, in which were served, of fish, two thousand dishes—'

'Take some water, Johnson—dishes, sir,' said Mr. Feeder.

'Of various sorts of fowl, five thousand dishes.'

'Or try a crust of bread,' said Mr. Feeder.

'And one dish,' pursued Doctor Blimber, raising his voice still higher as he looked all round the table, 'called, from its enormous dimensions, the shield of Minerva, and made, among other costly ingredients, of the brains of pheasants—'

'Ow, ow, ow!' (from Johnson).

'Woodcocks—'

'Ow, ow, ow!'

'The sounds of the fish called scari—'

'You 'll burst some vessel in your head,' said Mr. Feeder. 'You had better let it come.'

'And the spawn of the lamprey, brought from the Carpathian Sea,' pursued the doctor, in his severest voice; 'when we read of costly entertainments such as these, and still remember, that we have a Titus—'

'What would be your mother's feelings if you died of apoplexy!' said Mr. Feeder.

'A Domitian—'

'And you 're blue, you know,' said Mr. Feeder.

'A Nero, a Tiberius, a Caligula, a Heliogabalus, and many more,' pursued the doctor; 'it is, Mr. Feeder—if you are doing me the honour to attend—remarkable: VERY—remarkable, sir—'

But Johnson, unable to suppress it any longer, burst at that moment into such an overwhelming fit of coughing, that although both his immediate neighbours thumped him on the back, and Mr. Feeder himself held a glass of water to his lips, and the

butler walked him up and down several times between his own chair and the sideboard, like a sentry, it was full five minutes before he was moderately composed, and then there was a profound silence.

'Gentlemen,' said Doctor Blimber, 'rise for Grace! Cornelia, lift Dombey down'—nothing of whom but his scalp was accordingly seen above the table-cloth. 'Johnson will repeat to me to-morrow morning before breakfast, without book, and from the Greek Testament, the first chapter of the Epistle of Saint Paul to the Ephesians. We will resume our studies, Mr. Feeder, in half an hour.'

CHARLES DICKENS.

NATURE IN CITIES

I DON'T know anything sweeter than this leaking in of Nature through all the cracks in the walls and floors of cities. You heap up a million tons of hewn rocks on a square mile or two of earth which was green once. The trees look down from the hill-sides and ask each other, as they stand on tiptoe: 'What are these people about?' And the small herbs at their feet look up and whisper back: 'We will go and see'. So the small herbs pack themselves up in the least possible bundles, and wait until the wind steals to them at night and whispers: 'Come with me'. Then they go softly with it into the great

city—one to a cleft in the pavement, one to a spout on the roof, one to a seam in the marbles over a rich gentleman's bones, and one to the grave without a stone where nothing but a man is buried—and there they grow, looking down on the generations of men from mouldy roofs, looking up from between the less trodden pavements, looking out through iron cemetery railings. Listen to them, when there is only a light breath stirring, and you will hear them saying to each other: 'Wait awhile!' The words run along the telegraph of those narrow green lines that border the roads leading from the city, until they reach the slope of the hills, and the trees repeat in low murmurs to each other: 'Wait awhile!' By and by the flow of life in the streets ebbs, and the old leafy inhabitants —the smaller tribes always in front—saunter in, one by one, very careless seemingly, but very tenacious, until they swarm so that the great stones gape from each other with the crowding of their roots, and the feldspar begins to be picked out of the granite to find them food. At last the trees take up their solemn line of march, and never rest until they have encamped in the market-place. Wait long enough, and you will find an old doting oak hugging a huge worn block in its yellow underground arms; that was the corner-stone of the State House. Oh, so patient she is, this imperturbable Nature!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

SEPTEMBER 3 1802

EARTH has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

GARIBALDI IN HIS ISLAND HOME

THE qualities that endeared him to the simple souls who lived in his house at Caprera similarly won the hearts of the most critical and experienced judges of men in Italy and England. The fond simplicity of a child, the sensitive, tender humanity of a woman, the steady valour of a soldier, the good-heartedness

and hardiness of a sailor, the imposing majesty of a king like Charlemagne, the brotherliness and universal sympathy of a democrat like Walt Whitman, the spiritual depth and fire of a poet, and an Olympian calm that was personal to himself—all plainly marked in his port and presence, his voice and his eyes—made him, not the greatest, but the unique figure of the age. That this rare creature had no head for administration or politics need cause no surprise. That he had an instinctive genius for guerrilla war was a singular piece of good fortune. Such another nature will never be bred in cities or by the typical life of modern times. It had been nurtured in the solitudes of the sea and of the pampas, and was preserved intact by the life of Caprera. 'He loves solitude,' wrote Vecchi, 'and the sea, itself a solitude, conducive to dreams and deep emotion.' He used often to climb alone on to the rocky crest that crowns Caprera, and thence cast his eye on all sides over sea and mountain and moor: to the north, across the strait, he beheld the magnificent peaks of Corsica; to the south, some of the lower Sardinian hills; to the west, close below him, the group of uncultivated and rocky islands, and the lodge that he had built for himself in that wilderness. But to the east, where the granite crags sloped down from under his feet so ruggedly and steeply to the sea, that its murmur round their base was, even on calm days, audible on the summit, no attempt at human habitation had been made; only the wild plants clung and

trailed round the rocks, the eagle cried above his head, and the deep primeval quiet, undisturbed by man since the beginning of time, filled him here with the breath of liberty, the utter release from crowds and courts and officials, and the whole scheme of modern life, to which he was always in mind and heart a stranger; and this liberty would have sufficed him to the end of his days as he gazed over the unbroken surface of the sea, had he not in his mind's eye seen beyond the eastern horizon those still enslaved Italian shores.

GEORGE M. TREVELYAN.

THE ITALIAN IN ENGLAND

THAT second time they hunted me
From hill to plain, from shore to sea,
And Austria, hounding far and wide
Her bloodhounds thro' the country-side,
Breathed hot and instant on my trace—
I made six days a hiding-place
Of that dry green old aqueduct
Where I and Charles, when boys, have plucked
The fire-flies from the roof above,
Bright creeping thro' the moss they love.
—How long it seems since Charles was lost!
Six days the soldiers crossed and crossed

The country in my very sight;
And when that peril ceased at night,
The sky broke out in red dismay
With signal-fires; well, there I lay
Close covered o'er in my recess,
Up to the neck in ferns and cress,
Thinking on Metternich our friend,
And Charles's miserable end,
And much beside, two days; the third,
Hunger o'ercame me when I heard
The peasants from the village go
To work among the maize; you know,
With us, in Lombardy, they bring
Provisions packed on mules, a string
With little bells that cheer their task,
And casks, and boughs on every cask
To keep the sun's heat from the wine;
These I let pass in jingling line,
And, close on them, dear noisy crew,
The peasants from the village, too;
For at the very rear would troop
Their wives and sisters in a group
To help, I knew; when these had passed,
I threw my glove to strike the last,
Taking the chance: she did not start,
Much less cry out, but stooped apart
One instant, rapidly glanced round,
And saw me beckon from the ground:
A wild bush grows and hides my crypt;
She picked my glove up while she stripped

A branch off, then rejoined the rest
With that; my glove lay in her breast:
Then I drew breath; they disappeared:
It was for Italy I feared.

An hour, and she returned alone
Exactly where my glove was thrown.
Meanwhile came many thoughts; on me
Rested the hopes of Italy;
I had devised a certain tale
Which, when 'twas told her, could not fail
Persuade a peasant of its truth;
I meant to call a freak of youth
This hiding, and give hopes of pay,
And no temptation to betray.
But when I saw that woman's face,
Its calm simplicity of grace,
Our Italy's own attitude
In which she walked thus far, and stood,
Planting each naked foot so firm,
To crush the snake and spare the worm—
At first sight of her eyes, I said,
'I am that man upon whose head
They fix the price, because I hate
The Austrians over us: the State
Will give you gold—oh, gold so much—
If you betray me to their clutch,
And be your death, for aught I know,
If once they find you saved their foe.

Now, you must bring me food and drink,
And also paper, pen, and ink,
And carry safe what I shall write
To Padua, which you 'll reach at night
Before the Duomo shuts; go in,
And wait till Tenebræ begin;
Walk to the third Confessional,
Between the pillar and the wall,
And kneeling whisper, *Whence comes peace ?*
Say it a second time; then cease;
And if the voice inside returns,
From Christ and Freedom ; what concerns
The cause of Peace ?—for answer, slip
My letter where you placed your lip;
Then come back happy we have done
Our mother service—I, the son,
As you the daughter of our land!'

Three mornings more, she took her stand
In the same place, with the same eyes:
I was no surer of sunrise
Than of her coming. We conferred
Of her own prospects, and I heard
She had a lover—stout and tall,
She said—then let her eyelids fall,
'He could do much'—as if some doubt
Entered her heart—then, passing out,
'She could not speak for others—who
Had other thoughts; herself she knew':

And so she brought me drink and food.
After four days, the scouts pursued
Another path; at last arrived
The help my Paduan friends contrived
To furnish me: she brought the news.
For the first time I could not choose
But kiss her hand and lay my own
Upon her head—'This faith was shown
To Italy, our mother;—she
Uses my hand and blesses thee!'
She followed down to the seashore;
I left and never saw her more.

How very long since I have thought
Concerning—much less wished for—aught
Beside the good of Italy
For which I live and mean to die!
I never was in love; and since
Charles proved false, what shall now convince
My inmost heart I had a friend?
However, if I pleased to spend
Real wishes on myself—say, three—
I know at least what one should be.
I would grasp Metternich until
I felt his red wet throat distil
In blood thro' these two hands. And next,
—Nor much for that am I perplexed—
Charles, perjured traitor, for his part,
Should die slow of a broken heart

Under his new employers. Last
—Ah, there, what should I wish? For fast
Do I grow old and out of strength.—
If I resolved to seek at length
My father's house again, how scared
They all would look, and unprepared!
My brothers live in Austria's pay
—Disowned me long ago, men say;
And all my early mates who used
To praise me so—perhaps induced
More than one early step of mine—
Are turning wise; while some opine
'Freedom grows licence', some suspect
'Haste breeds delay', and recollect
They always said, such premature
Beginnings never could endure!
So, with a sullen 'All 's for best',
The land seems settling to its rest.
I think, then, I should wish to stand
This evening in that dear, lost land,
Over the sea the thousand miles,
And know if yet that woman smiles
With the calm smile; some little farm
She lives in there, no doubt; what harm
If I sat on the door-side bench,
And, while her spindle made a trench
Fantastically in the dust,
Inquired of all her fortunes—just
Her children's ages and their names,
And what may be the husband's aims

For each of them. I 'd talk this out,
And sit there, for an hour about,
Then kiss her hand once more, and lay
Mine on her head, and go my way.

So much for idle wishing—how
It steals the time! To business now!

ROBERT BROWNING.

A WHALE HUNT

To a landsman, no whale, nor any sign of a herring, would have been visible at that moment; nothing but a troubled bit of greenish white water, and thin scattered puffs of vapour hovering over it, and suffusingly blowing off to leeward, like the confused scud from white rolling billows. The air around suddenly vibrated—and tingled, as it were—like the air over intensely heated plates of iron. Beneath this atmospheric waving and curling, and partially beneath a thin layer of water, also, the whales were swimming. Seen in advance of all the other indications, the puffs of vapour they spouted seemed their forerunning couriers and detached flying outriders.

All four boats were now in keen pursuit of that one spot of troubled water and air. But it bade fair to outstrip them; it flew on and on, as a mass

of interblending bubbles borne down a rapid stream from the hills. . . .

It was a sight full of quick wonder and awe! The vast swells of the omnipotent sea; the surging, hollow roar they made, as they rolled along the eight gunwales, like gigantic bowls in a boundless bowling-green; the brief suspended agony of the boat, as it would tip for an instant on the knife-like edge of the sharper waves, that almost seemed threatening to cut it in two; the sudden profound dip into the watery glens and hollows; the keen spurrings and goadings to gain the top of the opposite hill; the headlong, sled-like slide down its other side—all these, with the cries of the headsmen and harpooneers, and the shuddering grasps of the oarsmen, with the wondrous sight of the ivory *Pequod* bearing down upon her boats with outstretched sails, like a wild hen after her screaming brood; all this was thrilling. Not the raw recruit, marching from the bosom of his wife into the fever heat of his first battle; not the dead man's ghost encountering the first unknown phantom in the other world—neither of these can feel stranger and stronger emotions than that man does, who for the first time finds himself pulling into the charmed, churned circle of the hunted sperm whale.

The dancing white water made by the chase was now becoming more and more visible, owing to the increasing darkness of the dun cloud-shadows flung upon the sea. The jets of vapour no longer blended.

but tilted everywhere to right and left; the whales seemed separating their wakes. The boats were pulled more apart; Starbuck giving chase to three whales running dead to leeward. Our sail was now set, and, with the still rising wind, we rushed along; the boat going with such madness through the water, that the lee oars could scarcely be worked rapidly enough to escape being torn from the rowlocks.

Soon we were running through a suffusing wide veil of mist; neither ship nor boat to be seen.

'Give way, men,' whispered Starbuck, drawing still further aft the sheet of his sail; 'there is time to kill fish yet before the squall comes. There 's white water again!—close to! Spring!'

Soon after, two cries in quick succession on each side of us denoted that the other boats had got fast; but hardly were they overheard, when with a lightning-like hurtling whisper Starbuck said: 'Stand up!' and Queequeg, harpoon in hand, sprang to his feet.

Though not one of the oarsmen was then facing the life and death peril so close to them ahead, yet with their eyes on the intense countenance of the mate in the stern of the boat, they knew that the imminent instant had come; they heard, too, an enormous wallowing sound as of fifty elephants stirring in their litter. Meanwhile the boat was still booming through the mist, the waves curling and hissing around us like the erected crests of enraged serpents.

'That 's his hump. *There, there*, give it to him!' whispered Starbuck.

A short rushing sound leaped out of the boat; it was the darted iron of Queequeg. Then all in one welded commotion came an invisible push from astern, while forward the boat seemed striking on a ledge; the sail collapsed and exploded; a gush of scalding vapour shot up near by; something rolled and tumbled like an earthquake beneath us. The whole crew were half-suffocated as they were tossed helter-skelter into the white curdling cream of the squall. Squall, whale, and harpoon had all blended together; and the whale, merely grazed by the iron, escaped.

Though completely swamped, the boat was nearly unharmed. Swimming round it we picked up the floating oars, and lashing them across the gunwale, tumbled back to our places. There we sat up to our knees in the sea, the water covering every rib and plank, so that to our downward gazing eyes the suspended craft seemed a coral boat grown up to us from the bottom of the ocean.

The wind increased to a howl; the waves dashed their bucklers together; the whole squall roared, forked, and crackled around us like a white fire upon the prairie, in which, unconsumed, we were burning; immortal in these jaws of death! In vain we hailed the other boats; as well roar to the live coals down the chimney of a flaming furnace as hail those boats in that storm. Meanwhile the driving scud, rack, and mist grew darker with the shadows of night;

no sign of the ship could be seen. The rising sea forbade all attempts to bale out the boat. The oars were useless as propellers, performing now the office of life-preservers. So, cutting the lashing of the waterproof match-keg, after many failures Starbuck contrived to ignite the lamp in the lantern; then stretching it on a waif-pole, handed it to Queequeg as the standard-bearer of this forlorn hope. There, then, he sat, holding up that imbecile candle in the heart of that almighty forlornness. There, then, he sat, the sign and symbol of a man without faith, hopelessly holding up hope in the midst of despair.

Wet, drenched through, and shivering cold, despairing of ship or boat, we lifted up our eyes as the dawn came on. The mist still spread over the sea, the empty lantern lay crushed in the bottom of the boat. Suddenly Queequeg started to his feet, hollowing his hand to his ear. We all heard a faint creaking, as of ropes and yards hitherto muffled by the storm. The sound came nearer and nearer; the thick mists were dimly parted by a huge vague form. Affrighted, we all sprang into the sea as the ship at last loomed into view, bearing right down upon us within distance of not much more than its length.

Floating on the waves we saw the abandoned boat, as for one instant it tossed and gaped beneath the ship's bows like a chip at the base of a cataract; and then the vast hull rolled over it, and it was seen no more till it came up weltering astern. Again we

swam for it, were dashed against it by the seas, and were at last taken up and safely landed on board. Ere the squall came close to, the other boats had cut loose from their fish and returned to the ship in good time. The ship had given us up, but was still cruising, if haply it might light upon some token of our perishing—an oar or a lance-pole.

HERMAN MELVILLE.

FROM 'ECHOES'

THE full sea rolls and thunders
In glory and in glee.
O, bury me not in the senseless earth
But in the living sea!

Ay, bury me where it surges
A thousand miles from shore,
And in its brotherly unrest
I 'll range for evermore.

W. E. HENLEY.

THE CLUB-HAULING[1] OF THE 'DIOMEDE'

We continued our cruise along the coast, until we had run down into the Bay of Arcason, where we captured two or three vessels, and obliged many more to run on shore. And here we had an instance showing how very important it is that a captain of a man-of-war should be a good sailor, and have his ship in such discipline as to be strictly obeyed by his ship's company. I heard the officers unanimously assert, after the danger was over, that nothing but the presence of mind which was shown by Captain Savage could have saved the ship and her crew. We had chased a convoy of vessels to the bottom of the bay: the wind was very fresh when we hauled off, after running them on shore, and the surf on the beach even at that time was so great, that they were certain to go to pieces before they could be got afloat again. We were obliged to double-reef the topsails as soon as we hauled to the wind, and the weather looked very threatening. In an hour afterwards, the whole sky was covered with one black cloud, which

[1] *Club-hauling* is a manœuvre only undertaken in perilous positions—like a most desperate surgical operation. It means tacking the ship by letting down the lee-anchor as soon as the wind is out of the sails, by which the ship's head is brought to wind. As she pays off the cable is cut, and the sails trimmed on the other tack.

You will not understand this unless you know a little about sailing: but it does not greatly matter.

sank so low as nearly to touch our mast-heads, and a tremendous sea, which appeared to have risen up almost by magic, rolled in upon us, setting the vessel on a dead lee shore. As the night closed in, it blew a dreadful gale, and the ship was nearly buried with the press of canvas which she was obliged to carry; for had we sea-room, we should have been lying-to under storm staysails; but we were forced to carry on at all risks, that we might claw off shore. The sea broke over as we lay in the trough, deluging us with water from the forecastle, aft to the binnacles; and very often as the ship descended with a plunge, it was with such force that I really thought she would divide in half with the violence of the shock. Double breechings were rove on the guns, and they were further secured with tackles, and strong cleats nailed behind the trunnions, for we heeled over so much when we lurched, that the guns were wholly supported by the breechings and tackles, and had one of them broken loose, it must have burst right through the lee side of the ship, and she must have foundered. The captain, first lieutenant, and most of the officers, remained on deck during the whole of the night; and really, what with the howling of the wind, the violence of the rain, the washing of the water about the decks, the working of the chain-pumps, and the creaking and groaning of the timbers, I thought that we must inevitably have been lost; and I said my prayers at least a dozen times during the night, for I felt it impossible to go to bed. I had

often wished, out of curiosity, that I might be in a gale of wind, but I little thought it was to have been a scene of this description, or anything half so dreadful. What made it more appalling was, that we were on a lee shore, and the consultations of the captain and officers, and the eagerness with which they looked out for daylight, told us that we had other dangers to encounter besides the storm. At last the morning broke, and the look-out man upon the gangway called out, 'Land on the lee beam'. I perceived the master dash his fist against the hammock-rails, as if with vexation, and walk away without saying a word, and looking very grave.

'Up, there, Mr. Wilson,' said the captain, to the second lieutenant, 'and see how far the land trends forward, and whether you can distinguish the point.' The second lieutenant went up the main-rigging, and pointed with his hand to about two points before the beam.

'Do you see two hillocks inland?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the second lieutenant.

'Then it is so,' observed the captain to the master, 'and if we weather it, we shall have more sea-room. Keep her full, and let her go through the water; do you hear, quarter-master?'

'Ay, ay, sir.'

'Thus, and no nearer, my man. Ease her with a spoke or two when she sends; but be careful, or she 'll take the wheel out of your hands.'

It really was a very awful sight. When the ship

was in the trough of the sea, you could distinguish nothing but a waste of tumultuous water; but when she was borne up on the summit of the enormous waves, you then looked down, as it were, upon a low, sandy coast, close to you, and covered with foam and breakers. 'She behaves nobly,' observed the captain, stepping aft to the binnacle, and looking at the compass; 'if the wind does not baffle us, we shall weather.' The captain had scarcely time to make the observation, when the sails shivered and flapped like thunder. 'Up with the helm; what are you about, quarter-master?'

'The wind has headed us, sir,' replied the quarter-master, coolly.

The captain and master remained at the binnacle watching the compass, and when the sails were again full, she had broken off two points, and the point of land was only a little on the lee bow.

'We must wear her round, Mr. Falcon. Hands, wear ship—ready, oh, ready.'

'She has come up again,' cried the master, who was at the binnacle.

'Hold fast there a minute. How 's her head now?'

'NNE., as she was before she broke off, sir.'

'Pipe belay,' said the captain. 'Falcon,' continued he, 'if she breaks off again we may have no room to wear; indeed there is so little room now, that I must run the risk. Which cable was ranged last night—the best bower?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Jump down, then, and see it double-bitted and stoppered at thirty fathoms. See it well done—our lives may depend upon it.'

The ship continued to hold her course good; and we were within half a mile of the point, and fully expected to weather it, when again the wet and heavy sails flapped in the wind, and the ship broke off two points as before. The officers and seamen were aghast, for the ship's head was right on to the breakers. 'Luff now, all you can, quarter-master,' cried the captain. 'Send the men aft directly. My lads, there is no time for words—I am going to *club-haul* the ship, for there is no room to wear. The only chance you have of safety is to be cool, watch my eye, and execute my orders with precision. Away to your stations for tacking ship. Hands by the best bower anchor. Mr. Wilson, attend below with the carpenter and his mates, ready to cut away the cable at the moment that I give the order. Silence, there, fore and aft. Quarter-master, keep her full again for stays. Mind you ease the helm down when I tell you.' About a minute passed before the captain gave any further orders. The ship had closed—to within a quarter of a mile of the beach, and the waves curled and topped around us, bearing us down upon the shore, which presented one continued surface of foam, extending to within half a cable's length of our position. The captain waved his hand in silence to the quarter-master at

the wheel, and the helm was put down. The ship turned slowly to the wind, pitching and chopping as the sails were spilling. When she had lost her way, the captain gave the order, 'Let go the anchor. We will haul all at once, Mr. Falcon,' said the captain. Not a word was spoken, the men went to the fore brace, which had not been manned; most of them knew, although I did not, that if the ship's head did not go round the other way, we should be on shore, and among the breakers in half a minute. I thought at the time that the captain had said that he would haul all the yards at once, there appeared to be doubt or dissent on the countenance of Mr. Falcon; and I was afterwards told that he had not agreed with the captain, but he was too good an officer, and knew that there was no time for discussion, to make any remark; and the event proved that the captain was right. At last the ship was head to wind, and the captain gave the signal. The yards flew round with such a creaking noise, that I thought the masts had gone over the side, and the next moment the wind had caught the sails, and the ship, which for a moment or two had been on an even keel, careened over to her gunnel with its force. The captain, who stood upon the weather-hammock rails, holding by the main-rigging, ordered the helm amidships, looked full at the sails, and then at the cable, which grew broad upon the weather bow, and held the ship from nearing the shore. At last he cried, 'Cut away the

cable!' A few strokes of the axes were heard, and then the cable flew out of the hawse-hole in a blaze of fire, from the violence of the friction, and disappeared under a huge wave, which struck us on the chess-tree, and deluged us with water fore and aft. But we were now on the other tack, and the ship regained her way and we had evidently increased our distance from the land.

'My lads,' said the captain to the ship's company, 'you have behaved well, and I thank you; but I must tell you honestly that we have more difficulties to get through. We have to weather a point of the bay on this tack. Mr. Falcon, splice the main-brace, and call the watch. How 's her head, quarter-master?'

'SW. by S. southerly, sir.'

'Very well; let her go through the water'; and the captain, beckoning to the master to follow him, went down into the cabin. As our immediate danger was over, I went down into the berth to see if I could get anything for breakfast, where I found O'Brien and two or three more.

'By the powers, it was as nate a thing as ever I saw done,' observed O'Brien: 'the slightest mistake as to time or management, and at this moment the flatfish would have been dubbing at our ugly carcases. Peter, you 're not fond of flatfish, are you, my boy? We may thank Heaven and the captain, I can tell you that, my lads; but now, where 's the chart, Robinson? Hand me down the parallel rules and

compasses, Peter; they are in the corner of the shelf. Here we are now, a devilish sight too near this infernal point.'

FREDERICK MARRYAT.

THE SAILOR BOY

HE rose at dawn, and, fired with hope,
Shot o'er the seething harbour-bar,
And reached the ship and caught the rope,
And whistled to the morning star.

And while he whistled long and loud
He heard a fierce mermaiden cry,
'O boy, tho' thou art young and proud,
I see the place where thou wilt lie.

'The sands and yeasty surges mix
In caves about the dreary bay,
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
And in thy heart the scrawl shall play'.

'Fool,' he answered, 'death is sure
To those that stay and those that roam,
But I will nevermore endure
To sit with empty hands at home.

'My mother clings about my neck,
My sisters crying, "Stay for shame";
My father raves of death and wreck—
They are all to blame, they are all to blame.

'God help me! save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my heart,
Far worse than any death to me.'

LORD TENNYSON.

A HOLIDAY

THE masterful wind was up and out, shouting and chasing, the lord of the morning. Poplars swayed and tossed with a roaring swish; dead leaves sprang aloft, and whirled into space; and all the clear-swept heaven seemed to thrill with sound like great harp. It was one of the first awakenings of the year. The earth stretched herself, smiling in her sleep; and everything leapt and pulsed to the stir of the giant's movement. With us it was a whole holiday; the occasion a birthday—it matters not whose. Some one of us had had presents, and pretty conventional speeches, and had glowed with that sense of heroism which is no less sweet that nothing has been done to deserve it. But the holiday was for all, the rapture of awakening Nature for all, the various

outdoor joys of puddles and sun and hedge-breaking for all. Colt-like I ran through the meadows, frisking happy heels in the face of Nature laughing responsive. Above, the sky was bluest of the blue; wide pools left by the winter's floods flashed the colour back, true and brilliant; and the soft air thrilled with the germinating touch that seemed to kindle something in my own small person as well as in the rash primrose already lurking in sheltered haunts. Out into the brimming sun-bathed world I sped, free of lessons, free of discipline and correction, for one day at least. My legs ran of themselves, and though I heard my name called faint and shrill behind, there was no stopping for me. It was only Harold, I concluded, and his legs, though shorter than mine, were good for a longer spurt than this. Then I heard it call again, but this time more faintly, with a pathetic break in the middle; and I pulled up short, recognizing Charlotte's plaintive note.

She panted up anon, and dropped on the turf beside me. Neither had any desire for talk; the glow and the glory of existing on this perfect morning were satisfaction full and sufficient.

'Where 's Harold?' I asked presently.

'Oh, he 's just playin' muffin-man, as usual,' said Charlotte with petulance. 'Fancy wanting to be a muffin-man on a whole holiday!'

It was a strange craze, certainly; but Harold, who invented his own games and played them without assistance, always stuck staunchly to a new fad, till

he had worn it quite out. Just at present he was a muffin-man, and day and night he went through passages and up and down staircases, ringing a noiseless bell and offering phantom muffins to invisible wayfarers. It sounds a poor sort of sport; and yet—to pass along busy streets of your own building, for ever ringing an imaginary bell and offering airy muffins of your own make to a bustling thronging crowd of your own creation—there were points about the game, it cannot be denied, though it seemed scarce in harmony with this radiant wind-swept morning!

'And Edward, where is he?' I questioned again.

'He 's coming along by the road,' said Charlotte. 'He 'll be crouching in the ditch when we get there, and he 's going to be a grizzly bear and spring out on us; only you mustn't say I told you, 'cos it 's to be a surprise.'

'All right,' I said magnanimously. 'Come on and let 's be surprised.' But I could not help feeling that on this day of days even a grizzly felt misplaced and common.

Sure enough an undeniable bear sprang out on us as we dropped into the road; then ensued shrieks, growlings, revolver-shots, and unrecorded heroisms, till Edward condescended at last to roll over and die, bulking large and grim, an unmitigated grizzly. It was an understood thing that whoever took upon himself to be a bear must eventually die, sooner or later, even if he were the eldest born; else life would

have been all strife and carnage, and the Age of Acorns have displaced our hard-won civilization. This little affair concluded with satisfaction to all parties concerned, we rambled along the road, picking up the defaulting Harold by the way, muffin-less now and in his right and social mind.

'What would you do,' asked Charlotte presently—the book of the moment always dominating her thoughts until it was sucked dry and cast aside—'what would you do if you saw two lions in the road, one on each side, and you didn't know if they was loose or if they was chained up?'

'Do?' shouted Edward valiantly; 'I should—I should—I should——' His boastful accents died away into a mumble: 'Dunno what I should do.'

'Shouldn't do anything,' I observed after consideration; and, really, it would be difficult to arrive at a wiser conclusion.

'If it came to *doing*,' remarked Harold reflectively, 'the lions would do all the doing there was to do, wouldn't they?'

'But if they was *good* lions,' rejoined Charlotte, 'they would do as they would be done by.'

'Ah, but how are you to know a good lion from a bad one?' said Edward. 'The books don't tell you at all, and the lions ain't marked any different.'

'Why, there aren't any good lions,' said Harold hastily.

'Oh yes, there are, heaps and heaps,' contradicted Edward. 'Nearly all the lions in the story-books

are good lions. There was Androcles's lion, and St. Jerome's lion, and—and—and the Lion and the Unicorn——'

'He beat the Unicorn,' observed Harold dubiously, 'all round the town.'

'That *proves* he was a good lion,' cried Edward triumphantly. 'But the question is, how are you to tell 'em when you see 'em?'

'*I* should ask Martha,' said Harold of the simple creed.

Edward snorted contemptuously, then turned to Charlotte. 'Look here,' he said; 'let 's play at lions, anyhow, and I 'll run on to that corner and be a lion—I 'll be two lions, one on each side of the road—and you 'll come along, and you won't know whether I 'm chained up or not, and that 'll be the fun!'

'No, thank you,' said Charlotte firmly; 'you 'll be chained up till I 'm quite close to you, and then you 'll be loose, and you 'll tear me to pieces, and make my frock all dirty, and p'raps you 'll hurt me as well. *I* know your lions!'

'No, I won't; I swear I won't,' protested Edward. 'I 'll be quite a new lion this time—something you can't even imagine.' And he raced off to his post. Charlotte hesitated; then she went timidly on, at each step growing less Charlotte, the mummer of a minute, and more the anxious Pilgrim of all time. The lion's wrath waxed terrible at her approach; his roaring filled the startled air. I waited until they

were both thoroughly absorbed, and then I slipped through the hedge out of the trodden highway, into the vacant meadow spaces. It was not that I was unsociable, nor that I knew Edward's lions to the point of satiety; but the passion and the call of the divine morning were high in my blood. Earth to earth! That was the frank note, the joyous summons of the day; and they could not but jar and seem artificial, these human discussions and pretences, when boon Nature, reticent no more, was singing that full-throated song of hers that thrills and claims control of every fibre. The air was wine, the moist earth-smell wine, the lark's song, the wafts from the cowshed at top of the field, the pant and smoke of a distant train—all were wine—or song, was it? or odour, this unity they all blent into? I had no words then to describe it, that earth-effluence of which I was so conscious; nor, indeed, have I found words since. I ran sideways, shouting; I dug glad heels into the squelching soil; I splashed diamond showers from puddles with a stick; I hurled clods skywards at random, and presently I somehow found myself singing. The words were mere nonsense—irresponsible babble; the tune was an improvisation, a weary, unrhythmic thing of rise and fall: and yet it seemed to me a genuine utterance, and just at that moment the one thing fitting and right and perfect. Humanity would have rejected it with scorn. Nature, everywhere singing in the same key, recognized and accepted it without a flicker of dissent.

All the time the hearty wind was calling to me companionably from where he swung and bellowed in the tree-tops. 'Take me for guide to-day,' he seemed to plead. 'Other holidays you have tramped it in the track of the stolid, unswerving sun; a belated truant, you have dragged a weary foot homeward with only a pale, expressionless moon for company. To-day why not I, the trickster, the hypocrite?—I who whip round corners, and bluster, relapse, and evade, then rally and pursue! I can lead you the best and rarest dance of any, for I am the strong capricious one, the lord of misrule, and I alone am irresponsible and unprincipled, and obey no law.' And for me, I was ready enough to fall in with the fellow's humour: was not this a whole holiday? So we sheered off together, arm in arm, so to speak: and with fullest confidence I took the jigging, thwartwise course my chainless pilot laid for me.

A whimsical comrade I found him ere he had done with me. Was it in jest, or with some serious purpose of his own, that he brought me plump upon a pair of lovers, silent, face to face o'er a discreet unwinking stile? As a rule, this sort of thing struck me as the most pitiful tomfoolery. Two calves rubbing noses through a gate were natural and right, and within the order of things; but that human beings, with salient interests and active pursuits beckoning them on from every side, could thus—— Well, it was a thing to hurry past, shamed of face, and think on

no more. But this morning everything I met seemed to be accounted for and set in tune by that same magical touch in the air, and it was with a certain surprise that I found myself regarding these fatuous ones with kindliness instead of contempt, as I rambled by, unheeded of them. There was indeed some reconciling influence abroad, which could bring the like antics into harmony with bud and growth and the frolic air.

A puff on the right cheek from my wilful companion sent me off at a fresh angle, and presently I came in sight of the village church, sitting solitary within its circle of elms. From forth the vestry window projected two small legs, gyrating, hungry for foothold, with larceny—not to say sacrilege—in their every wriggle: a godless sight for a supporter of the Establishment. Though the rest was hidden, I knew the legs well enough: they were usually attached to the body of Bill Saunders, the peerless bad boy of the village. Bill's coveted booty, too, I could easily guess at that: it came from the Vicar's store of biscuits, kept (as I knew) in a cupboard along with his official trappings. For a moment I hesitated; then I passed on my way. I protest I was not on Bill's side; but then, neither was I on the Vicar's, and there was something in this immoral morning which seemed to say that perhaps, after all, Bill had as much right to the biscuits as the Vicar, and would certainly enjoy them better; and anyhow it was a disputable point, and no business of mine.

Nature, who had accepted me for ally, cared little who had the world's biscuits, and assuredly was not going to let any friend of hers waste his time in playing policeman for society.

He was tugging at me anew, my insistent guide; and I felt sure, as I rambled off in his wake, that he had more holiday matter to show me. And so, indeed, he had; and all of it was to the same lawless tune. Like a black pirate flag on the blue ocean of air, a hawk hung ominous; then, plummet-wise, dropped to the hedgerow, whence there arose, thin and shrill, a piteous voice of squealing. By the time I got there a whisk of feathers on the turf—like scattered playbills—was all that remained to tell of the tragedy just enacted. Yet Nature smiled and sang on, pitiless, gay, impartial. To her, who took no sides, there was every bit as much to be said for the hawk as for the chaffinch. Both were her children, and she would show no preferences.

Farther on a hedgehog lay dead athwart the path —nay, more than dead; decadent distinctly: a sorry sight for one that had known the fellow in more bustling circumstances. Nature might at least have paused to shed one tear over this rough-jacketed little son of hers, for his wasted aims, his cancelled ambitions, his whole career of usefulness cut suddenly short. But not a bit of it! Jubilant as ever, her song went bubbling on, and 'Death-in-Life', and again 'Life-in-Death', were its alternate burdens. And looking round, and seeing the sheep-nibbled

heels of turnips that dotted the ground, their hearts eaten out of them in frost-bound days now over and done, I seemed to discern, faintly, a something of the stern meaning in her valorous chant.

My invisible companion was singing also, and seemed at times to be chuckling softly to himself—doubtless at thought of the strange new lessons he was teaching me; perhaps, too, at a special bit of waggishness he had still in store. For when at last he grew weary of such insignificant earth-bound company, he deserted me at a certain spot I knew; then dropped, subsided, and slunk away into nothingness. I raised my eyes, and before me, grim and lichened, stood the ancient whipping-post of the village, its sides fretted with the initials of a generation that scorned its mute lesson, but still clipped by the stout, rusty shackles that had tethered the wrists of such of that generation's ancestors as had dared to mock at order and law. Had I been an infant Sterne, here was a grand chance for sentimental output! As things were, I could only hurry homewards, my moral tail well between my legs, with an uneasy feeling, as I glanced back over my shoulder, that there was more in this chance than met the eye.

And outside our gate I found Charlotte, alone and crying. Edward, it seemed, had persuaded her to hide, in the full expectation of being duly found and ecstatically pounced upon; then he had caught sight of the butcher's cart, and, forgetting his obligations, had rushed off for a ride. Harold, it further appeared,

greatly coveting tadpoles, and top-heavy with the eagerness of possession, had fallen into the pond. This in itself was nothing; but on attempting to sneak in by the back-door, he had rendered up his duckweed-bedabbled person into the hands of an aunt, and had been promptly sent off to bed; and this on a holiday was very much. The moral of the whipping-post was working itself out; and I was not in the least surprised when, on reaching home, I was seized upon and accused of doing something I had never even thought of. And my frame of mind was such that I could only wish most heartily that I had done it.

KENNETH GRAHAME.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

I

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh, hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine aery surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh, hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the waves' intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: oh, hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

BY THE LAKE

WHEN they went to bathe next morning, Bevis took with him his bow and arrows, intending to shoot a pike. As they walked beside the shore they often saw jacks basking in the sun at the surface of the water, and only a few yards distant. He had fastened a long thin string one end to the arrow and the other to the bow, so that he might draw the arrow back to him with the fish on as the savages do. Mark brought his bone-headed harpoon to try and spear something, and between them they also carried a plank, which was to be used as a catamaran.

A paddle they had made was tied to it for convenience, that their hands might not be too full. Mark went first with one end of the plank on his shoulder, and Bevis followed with the other on his, and as they had to hold it on edge it rather cut them. Coming near some weeds where they had seen a jack the day before, they put the catamaran down, and Bevis crept quietly forward. The jack was not there, but motioning to Mark to stand still, Bevis went on to where the first railings stretched out into the water.

There he saw a jack about two pounds' weight basking within an inch of the surface, and aslant to him. He lifted his bow before he went near, shook out the string that it might slip easily like the coil of a harpoon, fitted the arrow, and, holding it almost

up, stole closer. He knew if he pulled the bow in the usual manner the sudden motion of his arms would send the jack away in an instant. With the bow already in position, he got within six yards of the fish, which, quite still, did not seem to see anything, but to sleep with eyes wide open in the sun. The shaft flew, and like another arrow the jack darted aslant into deep water.

Bevis drew back his arrow with the string, not altogether disappointed, for it had struck the water very near, if not exactly at, the place the fish had occupied. But he thought the string impeded the shaft, and took it off for another trial. Mark would not stay behind: he insisted upon seeing the shooting, so leaving the catamaran on the grass, they moved gently along the shore. After a while they found another jack, this time much larger, and not less than four pounds' weight, stationary in a tiny bay, or curve of the land. He was lying parallel to the shore, but deeper than the first, perhaps six inches beneath the surface. Mark stood where he could see the dark line of the fish, while Bevis, with the bow lifted and arrow half-drawn, took one, two, three, and almost another step forward.

Aiming steadily at the jack's broad side, just behind the front fins, where the fish was widest, Bevis grasped his bow firm to keep it from the least wavering (for it is the left hand that shoots), drew his arrow, and let go. So swift was the shaft, unimpeded, and drawn too this time almost to the

head, in traversing the short distance between, that the jack, quick as he was, could not of himself have escaped. Bevis saw the arrow enter the water, and, as it seemed to him, strike the fish. It did indeed strike the image of the fish, but the real jack slipped beneath it.

Bevis looked and looked, he was so certain he had hit it, and so he had hit the mark he aimed at, which was the refraction, but the fish was unhurt. It was explained to him afterwards that the fish appears higher in the water than it actually is, and that to have hit it he should have aimed two inches underneath, and he proved the truth of it by trying to touch things in the water with a long stick. The arrow glanced after going two feet or so deep, and performed a curve in the water exactly opposite to that it would have traced in the air. In the air it would have curved over, in the water it curved under, and came up to the surface not very far out; the water checked it so. Bevis fastened the string again to another arrow, and shot it out over the first, so that it caught and held it, and he drew them both back.

They fetched the catamaran, and went on till they came to the point where there was a wall of stones rudely put together to shield the land from the full shock of the waves, when the west wind rolled them heavily from the Indian Ocean and the Golden Sea. Putting the plank down again, Mark went forward with his harpoon, for he knew that shoals of fish

often played in the water when it was still, just beneath this rocky wall. As he expected, they were there this morning, for the most part roach, but a few perch. He knelt and crept out on all fours to the edge of the wall, leaving his hat on the sward. Looking over, he could see to the stony bottom, and as there was not a ripple, he could see distinctly.

He put his harpoon gently, without a splash, into the sunlit water, and let it sink slowly in among the shoal. The roach swam aside a yard or so from it, but showed no more fear than that it should not touch them. Mark kept his harpoon still till a larger roach came slowly by within eighteen inches of the point, when he jerked it at the fish. It passed six inches behind his tail and though Mark tried again and again, thrusting quickly, he could not strike them with his single point. To throw it like a dart he knew was useless, they were too deep down, nor could he hit so small an object in motion. He could not do it, but some days afterwards he struck a small tench in the brook, and got him out. The tench was still, so that he could put the head of his harpoon almost on it.

They marched on, and presently launched the catamaran. It would only support one at a time astride and half in the water, but it was a capital thing. Sitting on it, Bevis paddled along the shore nearly to the rocky wall and back, but he did not forget his promise, and was not out of his depth; he could see the stones at the bottom all the time.

Mark tried to stand on the plank, but one edge would go down and pitch him off. He next tried to lie on it on his back, and succeeded so long as he let his legs dangle over each side, and so balanced it. Then they stood away, and swam to it as if it had been the last plank of a wreck.

'Look!' said Mark, after they had done this several times. He was holding the plank at arm's length with his limbs floating. 'Look!'

'I see. What is it?'

'This is the way. We ought to have held the jumping-pole like this. This is the way to hold an oar and swim.'

'So it is,' said Bevis, 'of course, that 's it; we 'll have the punt, and try it with a scull.'

Held at arm's length, almost anything will keep a swimmer afloat; but if he puts it under his arm or chest, it takes a good-sized spar. Splashing about, presently the plank, forgotten for the moment, slipped away, and, impelled by the waves they made, floated into deep water.

'I 'm sure I could swim to it,' said Bevis, and he was inclined to try.

'We promised not,' said Mark.

'You stupe—I know that; but if there 's a plank, that 's not dangerous then.' 'Stupe' was their word for stupid. He waded out till the water was over his shoulders, and tried to lift him.

'Don't—don't,' said Mark. Bevis began to lean his chest on the water.

'If you 're captain,' cried Mark, 'you ought not to.'

'No more I ought,' said Bevis, coming back. 'Get my bow.'

'What for?'

'Go and get my bow.'

'I shan't, if you say it like that.'

'You shall. Am I not captain?'

Mark was caught by his own argument, and went out on the sward for the bow.

'Tie the arrow on with the string,' shouted Bevis. Mark did it, and brought it in, keeping it above the surface. Bevis climbed on the railings, half out of water, so that he could steady himself with his knees against the rail.

'Now, give me the bow,' he said. He took good aim, and the nail, filed to a sharp point, was driven deep into the soft deal of the plank. With the string he hauled the catamaran gently back, but it would not come straight; it slipped sideways (like the boomerang in the air), and came ashore under the aspen bough.

When they came out they bathed again in the air and the sunshine; they rolled on the sward, and ran. Bevis, as he ran and shouted, shot off an arrow with all his might to see how far it would go. It went up, up, and curving over, struck a bough at the top of one of the elms, and stopped there by the rooks' nests. Mark shouted and danced on the bird's-foot lotus, and darted his spear, heedless of the bone head. It went up into the hazel boughs of the

hedge among the young nuts, and he could not get it till dressed, for the thistles.

They ran again and chased each other in and out the sycamore trunks, and visited the hollow, shouting their loudest, till the distant herd looked up from their grazing. The sunlight poured upon them, and the light air came along; they bathed in air and sunbeam, and gathered years of health like flowers from the field.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

A BOY'S SONG

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the grey trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to track the homeward bee,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That 's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play
Through the meadows, among the hay;
Up the water and over the lea,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

JAMES HOGG.

ON THE DUNES

THE dunes are in another world. They are two miles across the uncertain and hazardous tide races of the estuary. The folk of the village never go over. The dunes are nothing. They are the horizon. They are only seen in idleness, or when the weather is scanned, or an incoming ship is marked. The dunes are but a pallid phantom of land so delicately golden that it is surprising to find it constant. The faint glow of that dilated shore, quavering just above the sea, the sea intensely blue and positive, might wreathe and vanish at any moment in the pour of wind from the Atlantic, whose endless strength easily bears in and over us vast involuted continents of white cloud. The dunes tremble in the broad

flood of wind, light, and sea, diaphanous and fading, always on the limit of vision, the point of disappearing, but are established. They are soundless, immaterial, and far, like a pleasing and personal illusion, a luminous dream of lasting tranquillity in a better but an unapproachable place, and the thought of crossing to them never suggests anything so obvious as a boat. They look like no coast that could be reached.

It was a perverse tide on a windless day which drifted me over. The green mounds of water were flawless, with shadows of mysteries in their clear deeps. The boat and the tide were murmuring to each other secretly. The boat's thwarts were hot and dry in the sun. The serene immensity of the sky, the warmth and dryness of the boat's timbers, the deep and translucent waters, and the coast so low and indistinct that the silent flashing of the combers there might have been on nothing substantial, were all timeless, and could have been but a thought and a desire; they were like a memorable morning in a Floridan bay miraculously returned. The boat did not move; the shore approached, revealed itself. It was something granted on a lucky day. This country would not be on the map.

I landed on a broad margin of sand which the tide had just left. It was filmed with water. It was a mirror in which the sky was inverted. When a breath of air passed over that polished surface it was as though the earth were a shining bubble which

then nearly burst. To dare that foothold might precipitate the intruder on ancient magic to cloud-land floating miles beneath the feet. But I had had the propriety to go barefooted, and had lightened my mind before beginning the voyage. Here I felt I was breaking into what was still only the first day, for man had never measured this place with his countless interruptions of darkness. . . .

Above the steep beach a dry flat opened out, reached only by gales and the highest of the spring tides, a wilderness of fine sand, hot and deep, its surface studded with the opaque blue of round pebbles and mussel shells. It looked too arid to support life, but sea-rocket with fleshy emerald stems and lilac flowers was scattered about. Nothing moved in the waste but an impulsive small butterfly, blue as a fragment of sky. The silence of the desert was that of a dream, but when listening to the quiet, a murmur which had been below hearing was imagined. The dunes were quivering with the intensity of some latent energy, and it might have been that one heard, or else it was the remembrance held by that strand of a storm which had passed, or it might have been the ardent shafts of the sun. At the landward end of the waste, by the foot of the dunes, was an old beam of a ship, harsh with barnacles, its bolt-holes stopped with dust. A spinous shrub grew to one side of it. A solitary wasp, a slender creature in black and gold, quick and emotional, had made a cabin of one of the holes in the timber. For some

reason that fragment of a barque was more eloquent of travel, and the work of seamen gone, than any of the craft moored at the quay I left that morning. I smoked a pipe on that timber—for all I knew, not for the first time—and did not feel at all lonely, nor that voyages for the discovery of fairer times were finished.

Now the dunes were close they appeared surprisingly high, and were formed, not like hills, but like the high Alps. They had the peaks and declivities of mountains. Their colour was of old ivory and the long marram grass which grew on them sparsely was as fine as green hair. The hollowed slope before me was so pale, spacious, and immaculate that there was an instinctive hesitation about taking it. A dark ghost began slowly to traverse it with outspread arms, a shade so distinct on that virgin surface that not till the gull, whose shadow it was, had gone inland, following its shadow over the high yellow ridge, did I know that I had not been looking at the personality. But the surface had been darkened, and I could overcome my hesitation. . . .

H. M. TOMLINSON.

SAM

When Sam goes back in memory,
  It is to where the sea
Breaks on the shingle, emerald-green,
  In white foam, endlessly;
He says—with small brown eye on mine—
  'I used to keep awake,
And lean from my window in the moon,
  Watching those billows break.
And half a million tiny hands,
  And eyes like sparks of frost,
Would dance and come tumbling into the moon,
  On every breaker tossed.
And all across from star to star,
  I 've seen the watery sea,
With not a single ship in sight,
  Just ocean there, and me;
And heard my father snore. And once,
  As sure as I 'm alive
Out of those wallowing, moon-flecked waves
  I saw a mermaid dive;
Head and shoulders above the wave,
  Plain as I now see you,
Combing her hair, now back, now front,
  Her two eyes peeping through;
Calling me, "Sam!"—quietlike—"Sam!" . . .
  But me . . . I never went,

Making believe I kind of thought
'Twas someone else she meant . . .
Wonderful lovely there she sat,
Singing the night away,
All in the solitudinous sea
Of that there lonely bay.

'P'raps', and he 'd smooth his hairless mouth,
'P'raps if 'twere now, my son,
P'raps, if I heard a voice say, "Sam!" . . .
Morning would find me gone.'

WALTER DE LA MARE.

THE PIRATES

THE ship was very old; and the skipper, although the most honest of men (and Irish too), was one of the least capable. The wind blew very boisterous, and the sea raged extremely. All that day we had little heart whether to eat or drink; went early to rest in some concern of mind; and (as if to give us a lesson) in the night the wind chopped suddenly into the north-east, and blew a hurricane. We were awaked by the dreadful thunder of the tempest and the stamping of the mariners on deck; so that I supposed our last hour was certainly come; and the terror of my mind was increased out of all measure

by Ballantrae, who mocked at my devotions. It is in hours like these that a man of any piety appears in his true light, and we find (what we are taught as babes) the small trust that can be set in worldly friends: I would be unworthy of my religion if I let this pass without particular remark. For three days we lay in the dark in the cabin, and had but a biscuit to nibble. On the fourth the wind fell, leaving the ship dismasted and heaving on vast billows. The captain had not a guess of whither we were blown; he was stark ignorant of his trade, and could do naught but bless the Holy Virgin; a very good thing, too, but scarce the whole of seamanship. It seemed our one hope was to be picked up by another vessel; and if that should prove to be an English ship, it might be no great blessing to the Master and myself.

The fifth and sixth days we tossed there helpless. The seventh some sail was got on her, but she was an unwieldy vessel at the best, and we made little but leeway. All the time, indeed, we had been drifting to the south and west, and during the tempest must have driven in that direction with unheard-of violence. The ninth dawn was cold and black, with a great sea running, and every mark of foul weather. In this situation we were overjoyed to sight a small ship on the horizon, and to perceive her go about and head for the *Sainte-Marie*. But our gratification did not very long endure; for when she had laid to and lowered a boat, it was immediately filled with

disorderly fellows, who sang and shouted as they pulled across to us, and swarmed in on our deck with bare cutlasses, cursing loudly. Their leader was a horrible villain, with his face blacked and his whiskers curled in ringlets; Teach, his name; a most notorious pirate. He stamped about the deck, raving and crying out that his name was Satan, and his ship was called Hell. There was something about him like a wicked child or a half-witted person, that daunted me beyond expression. I whispered in the ear of Ballantrae that I would not be the last to volunteer, and only prayed God they might be short of hands; he approved my purpose with a nod.

'Bedad,' said I to Master Teach, 'if you are Satan, here is a devil for ye.'

The words pleased him; and (not to dwell upon these shocking incidents) Ballantrae and I and two others were taken for recruits, while the skipper and all the rest were cast into the sea by the method of walking the plank. It was the first time I had seen this done; my heart died within me at the spectacle; and Master Teach or one of his acolytes (for my head was too much lost to be precise) remarked upon my pale face in a very alarming manner. I had the strength to cut a step or two of a jig, and cry out some ribaldry, which saved me for that time; but my legs were like water when I must get down into the skiff among these miscreants; and what with my horror of my company and fear of the monstrous billows, it

was all I could do to keep an Irish tongue and break a jest or two as we were pulled abroad. By the blessing of God, there was a fiddle in the pirate ship, which I had no sooner seen than I fell upon; and in my quality of crowder I had the heavenly good luck to get favour in their eyes. *Crowding Pat* was the name they dubbed me with; and it was little I cared for a name so long as my skin was whole.

What kind of a pandemonium that vessel was, I cannot describe, but she was commanded by a lunatic, and might be called a floating Bedlam. Drinking, roaring, singing, quarrelling, dancing, they were never all sober at one time; and there were days together when, if a squall had supervened, it must have sent us to the bottom; or if a king's ship had come along, it would have found us quite helpless for defence. Once or twice we sighted a sail, and, if we were sober enough, overhauled her, God forgive us! and if we were all too drunk, she got away, and I would bless the saints under my breath. Teach ruled, if you can call that rule which brought no order, by the terror he created; and I observed the man was very vain of his position. I have known marshals of France—ay, and even Highland chieftains —that were less openly puffed up; which throws a singular light on the pursuit of honour and glory. Indeed, the longer we live, the more we perceive the sagacity of Aristotle and the other old philosophers; and though I have all my life been eager for legitimate distinctions, I can lay my hand upon my heart, at

the end of my career, and declare there is not one—no, nor yet life itself—which is worth acquiring or preserving at the slightest cost of dignity.

It was long before I got private speech of Ballantrae, but at length one night we crept out upon the bowsprit, when the rest were better employed, and commiserated our position.

'None can deliver us but the saints,' said I.

'My mind is very different,' said Ballantrae; 'for I am going to deliver myself. This Teach is the poorest creature possible; we make no profit of him, and lie continually open to capture; and,' says he, 'I am not going to be a tarry pirate for nothing, nor yet to hang in chains if I can help it.' And he told me what was in his mind to better the state of the ship in the way of discipline, which would give us safety for the present, and a sooner hope of deliverance when they should have gained enough and should break up their company.

I confessed to him ingenuously that my nerve was quite shook amid these horrible surroundings, and I durst scarce tell him to count upon me.

'I am not very easily frightened,' said he, 'nor very easily beat.'

A few days after, there befell an accident which had nearly hanged us all; and offers the most extraordinary picture of the folly that ruled in our concerns. We were all pretty drunk: and some bedlamite spying a sail, Teach put the ship about in chase without a glance, and we begun to bustle up the arms and

boast of the horrors that should follow. I observed Ballantrae stood quiet in the bows, looking under the shade of his hand; but for my part, true to my policy among these savages, I was at work with the busiest and passing Irish jests for their diversion.

'Run up the colours,' cries Teach. 'Show the ——s the Jolly Roger!'

It was the merest drunken braggadocio at such a stage, and might have lost us a valuable prize; but I thought it no part of mine to reason, and I ran up the black flag with my own hand.

Ballantrae steps presently aft with a smile upon his face.

'You may perhaps like to know, you drunken dog,' says he, 'that you are chasing a king's ship.'

Teach roared him the lie; but he ran at the same time to the bulwarks, and so did they all. I have never seen so many drunken men struck suddenly sober. The cruiser had gone about, upon our impudent display of colours; she was just then filling on the new tack; her ensign blew out quite plain to see; and even as we stared, there came a puff of smoke, and then a report, and a shot plunged in the waves a good way short of us. Some ran to the ropes, and got the *Sarah* round with an incredible swiftness. One fellow fell on the rum barrel, which stood broached upon the deck, and rolled it promptly overboard. On my part, I made for the Jolly Roger, struck it, tossed it in the sea; and could have flung

myself after, so vexed was I with our mismanagement. As for Teach, he grew as pale as death, and incontinently went down to his cabin. Only twice he came on deck that afternoon; went to the taffrail; took a long look at the king's ship, which was still on the horizon heading after us; and then, without speech, back to his cabin. You may say he deserted us; and if it had not been for one very capable sailor we had on board, and for the lightness of the airs that blew all day, we must certainly have gone to the yard-arm.

It is to be supposed Teach was humiliated, and perhaps alarmed for his position with the crew; and the way in which he set about regaining what he had lost, was highly characteristic of the man. Early next day we smelled him burning sulphur in his cabin and crying out of 'Hell, hell!' which was well understood among the crew, and filled their minds with apprehension. Presently he comes on deck, a perfect figure of fun, his face blacked, his hair and whiskers curled, his belt stuck full of pistols; chewing bits of glass so that the blood ran down his chin, and brandishing a dirk. I do not know if he had taken these manners from the Indians of America, where he was a native; but such was his way, and he would always thus announce that he was wound up to horrid deeds. The first that came near him was the fellow who had sent the rum overboard the day before; him he stabbed to the heart, damning him for a mutineer; and then capered about the body,

raving and swearing and daring us to come on. It was the silliest exhibition; and yet dangerous too, for the cowardly fellow was plainly working himself up to another murder.

All of a sudden Ballantrae stepped forth. 'Have done with this play-acting,' says he. 'Do you think to frighten us with making faces? We saw nothing of you yesterday, when you were wanted; and we did well without you, let me tell you that.'

There was a murmur and a movement in the crew, of pleasure and alarm, I thought, in nearly equal parts. As for Teach, he gave a barbarous howl, and swung his dirk to fling it, an art in which (like many seamen) he was very expert.

'Knock that out of his hand!' says Ballantrae, so sudden and sharp that my arm obeyed him before my mind had understood.

Teach stood like one stupid, never thinking on his pistols. 'Go down to your cabin,' cries Ballantrae, 'and come on deck again when you are sober. Do you think we are going to hang for you, you black-faced, half-witted, drunken brute and butcher? Go down!' And he stamped his foot at him with such a sudden smartness that Teach fairly ran for it to the companion.

'And now, mates,' says Ballantrae, 'a word with you. I don't know if you are gentlemen of fortune for the fun of the thing, but I am not. I want to make money, and get ashore again, and spend it like a man. And on one thing my mind is made

up: I will not hang if I can help it. Come: give me a hint; I 'm only a beginner! Is there no way to get a little discipline and common sense about this business?'

One of the men spoke up: he said by rights they should have a quartermaster; and no sooner was the word out of his mouth than they were all of that opinion. The thing went by acclamation, Ballantrae was made quartermaster, the rum was put in his charge, laws were passed in imitation of those of a pirate by the name of Roberts, and the last proposal was to make an end of Teach. But Ballantrae was afraid of a more efficient captain, who might be a counterweight to himself, and he opposed this stoutly. Teach, he said, was good enough to board ships and to frighten fools with his blacked face and swearing; we could scarce get a better man than Teach for that; and besides, as the man was now disconsidered and as good as deposed, we might reduce his proportion of the plunder. This carried it; Teach's share was cut down to a mere derision, being actually less than mine; and there remained only two points: whether he would consent, and who was to announce to him this resolution.

'Do not let that stick you,' says Ballantrae, 'I will do that.'

And he stepped to the companion and down alone into the cabin to face the drunken savage.

'This is the man for us,' cries one of the hands. 'Three cheers for that quartermaster!' which were

given with a will, my own voice amongst the loudest, and I dare say these plaudits had their effect on Master Teach in the cabin, as we have seen of late days how shouting in the streets may trouble even the minds of legislators.

R. L. STEVENSON.

THE LONG TRAIL

THERE 'S a whisper down the field where the year
has shot her yield,
And the ricks stand grey to the sun,
Singing: 'Over then, come over, for the bee has quit
the clover,
And your English summer 's done'.

You have heard the beat of the off-shore wind,
And the thresh of the deep-sea rain;
You have heard the song—how long! how long!
Pull out on the trail again!

Ha' done with the Tents of Shem, dear lass,
We 've seen the seasons through,
And it 's time to turn on the old trail, our own trail,
the out trail,
Pull out, pull out, on the Long Trail—the trail
that is always new!

It 's North you may run to the rime-ringed sun,
Or South to the blind Horn's hate;
Or East all the way into Mississippi Bay,
Or West to the Golden Gate;

Where the blindest bluffs hold good, dear lass,
And the wildest tales are true,
And the men bulk big on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
And life runs large on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new.

The days are sick and cold, and the skies are grey and old,
And the twice-breathed airs blow damp;
And I 'd sell my tired soul for the bucking beam-sea toll
Of a black Bilbao tramp;

With her load-line over her hatch, dear lass,
And a drunken Dago crew,
And her nose held down on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
From Cadiz Bar on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new.

There be triple ways to take, of the eagle or the snake,
Or the way of a man with a maid;

But the sweetest way to me is a ship's upon the sea
In the heel of the North-East Trade.

Can you hear the crash on her bows, dear lass,
And the drum of the racing screw,
As she ships it green on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
As she lifts and 'scends on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new?

See the shaking funnels roar, with the Peter at the fore,
And the fenders grind and heave,
And the derricks clack and grate, as the tackle hooks the crate,
And the fall-rope whines through the sheave;

It 's 'Gang-plank up and in', dear lass,
It 's 'Hawsers warp her through!'
And it 's 'All clear aft' on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
We 're backing down on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new.

O the mutter overside, when the port-fog holds us tied,
And the sirens hoot their dread!
When foot by foot we creep o'er the hueless, viewless deep
To the sob of the questing lead!

It 's down by the Lower Hope, dear lass,
With the Gunfleet Sands in view,
Till the Mouse swings green on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
And the Gull Light lifts on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new.

O the blazing tropic night, when the wake 's a welt of light
That holds the hot sky tame.
And the steady fore-foot snores through the planet-powdered floors
Where the scared whale flukes in flame!

Her plates are scarred by the sun, dear lass,
And her ropes are taut with the dew,
For we 're booming down on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
We 're sagging south on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new.

Then home, get her home, where the drunken rollers comb,
And the shouting seas drive by,
And the engines stamp and ring, and the wet bows reel and swing,
And the Southern Cross rides high!

Yes, the old lost stars wheel back, dear lass,
That blaze on the velvet blue.

They 're all old friends on the old trail, our own
trail, the out trail,
They 're God's own guides on the Long Trail—
the trail that is always new.

Fly forward, O my heart, from the Foreland to the
Start—
We 're steaming all too slow,
And it 's twenty thousand mile to our little lazy isle
Where the trumpet-orchids blow!

You have heard the call of the off-shore wind,
And the voice of the deep-sea rain;
You have heard the song—how long! how long!
Pull out on the trail again!

The Lord knows what we may find, dear lass,
And the Deuce knows what we may do—
But we 're back once more on the old trail, our own
trail, the out trail,
We 're down, hull down, on the Long Trail—the
trail that is always new!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE THIRD VOYAGE OF ES-SINDIBAD OF THE SEA

KNOW, O my brothers (and hear from me the story of the third voyage, for it is more wonderful than the preceding stories, hitherto related) that in the times past, when I returned from the second voyage and was in a state of the utmost joy and happiness, rejoicing in my safety, having gained great wealth, as I related to you yesterday, God having compensated me for all that I had lost, I resided in the city of Baghdad for a length of time in the most perfect prosperity and delight, and joy and happiness. Then my soul became desirous of travel and diversion, and I longed for commerce and gain and profits; the soul being prone to evil. So I meditated and bought an abundance of goods suited for a sea-voyage, and packed them up and departed with them from the city of Baghdad to the city of El-Basrah. There, coming to the bank of the river, I beheld a great vessel, in which were many merchants and other passengers, people of worth, and comely and good persons, people of religion and kindness and probity. I therefore embarked with them in that vessel, and we departed in reliance on the blessing of God (whose name be exalted!), and His aid and favour, rejoicing in expectation of good fortune and safety. We ceased not to proceed from sea to sea, and from island to island, and from city to city; at every place

by which we passed diverting ourselves, and selling and buying, in the utmost joy and happiness. Thus we did until we were one day pursuing our course in the midst of the roaring sea, agitated with waves, when lo, the master standing at the side of the vessel looked at the different quarters of the sea, and then slapped his face, furled the sails of the ship, cast its anchors, plucked his beard, rent his clothes and uttered a great cry. So we said to him, O master, what is the news? And he answered, Know, O passengers, whom may God preserve! that the wind hath prevailed against us and driven us out of our course in the midst of the sea, and destiny hath cast us through our evil fortune towards the Mountain of Apes. No one hath ever arrived at this place and escaped, and my heart is impressed with the conviction of the destruction of us all.—And the words of the master were not ended before the apes had come to us and surrounded the vessel on every side, numerous as locusts, dispersed about the vessel and on the shore. We feared that if we killed one of them, or struck him, or drove him away, they would kill us on account of their excessive number; for numbers prevail against courage; and we feared them lest they should plunder our goods and our commodities. They are the most hideous of beasts and covered with hair like black felt, their aspect striking terror. No one understandeth their language or their state, they shun the society of men, have yellow eyes and black faces, and are of small size,

the height of each one of them being four spans. They climbed up the cables and severed them with their teeth, and they severed all the ropes of the vessel in every part; so the vessel inclined with the wind and stopped at their mountain and on their coast. Then having seized all the merchants and the other passengers and landed upon the island, they took the vessel with the whole of its contents, and went their way with it.

They left us upon the island, the vessel became concealed from us and we know not whither they went with it. And while we were upon that island eating of its fruits and its herbs, and drinking of the rivers that were there, lo, there appeared to us an inhabited house in the midst of the island. We therefore went towards it and walked to it, and behold it was a pavilion with lofty angles, with high walls, having an entrance with folding doors, which were open; and the doors were of ebony. We entered this pavilion and found in it a wide open space, like a wide, large court, around which were many lofty doors, and at its upper end was a high and great mastabah. There were also in it utensils for cooking, hung over the fire-pots, and around them were many bones. But we saw not there any person, and we wondered at that extremely. We sat in the open space in that pavilion a little while, after which we slept; and we ceased not to sleep from near the midtime between sunrise and noon until sunset. And lo, the earth trembled beneath us and we heard a

confused noise from the upper air, and there descended upon us from the summit of the pavilion a person of enormous size, in human form, and he was of black complexion, of lofty stature, like a great palm-tree: he had two eyes like two blazes of fire, and tusks like the tusks of swine, and a mouth of prodigious size, like the mouth of a well, and lips like the lips of the camel, hanging down upon his bosom, and he had ears like two mortars hanging down upon his shoulders, and the nails of his hands were like the claws of the lion. So when we beheld him thus, we became unconscious of our existence, our fear was vehement and our terror was violent, and through the violence of our fear and dread and terror we became as dead men. And after he had descended upon the ground, he sat a little while upon the mastabah. Then he arose and came to us, and seizing me by my hands from among my companions the merchants, lifted me up from the ground in his hand and felt me and turned me over; and I was in his hand like a little mouthful. He continued to feel me as the butcher feeleth the sheep that he is about to slaughter; but he found me infirm from excessive affliction and lean from excessive fatigue and from the voyage, having no flesh. He therefore let me go from his hand and took another from among my companions, and he turned him over as he had turned me over, and felt him as he had felt me, and let him go. He ceased not to feel us and turn us over, one after another until he came to the

master of our ship, who was a fat, stout, broad-shouldered man; a person of strength and vigour; so he pleased him, and he seized him as the butcher seizeth the animal that he is about to slaughter, and having thrown him on the ground put his foot upon his neck, which he thus broke. Then he brought a long spit, and thrust it into his throat and spitted him; after which he lighted a fierce fire, and placed over it that spit upon which the master was spitted, and ceased not to turn him round over the burning coals until his flesh was thoroughly roasted, when he took him off from the fire, put him before him, and separated his joints as a man separates the joints of a chicken, and proceeded to tear in pieces his flesh with his nails and to eat of it. Thus he continued to do until he had eaten his flesh and gnawed his bones, and there remained of him nothing but some bones, which he threw by the side of the pavilion. He then sat a little, and threw himself down and slept upon that mastabah, making a noise with his throat like that which is made by a lamb or other beast when slaughtered; and he slept uninterruptedly until the morning, when he went his way.

As soon, therefore, as we were sure that he was far from us, we conversed together and wept for ourselves, saying, Would that we had been drowned in the sea or that the apes had eaten us, for it were better than the roasting of a man upon burning coals! By Allah, this death is a vile one! But what God willeth cometh to pass, and there is no strength

nor power but in God, the High, the Great! We die in sorrow and no one knoweth of us, and there is no escape for us from this place! We then arose and went forth upon the island to see for us a place in which to hide ourselves, or to flee; and it had become a light matter to us to die, rather than that our flesh should be roasted with fire. But we found not for us a place in which to hide ourselves, and the evening overtook us. So we returned to the pavilion by reason of the violence of our fear, and sat there a little while; and lo, the earth trembled beneath us and that black approached us, and coming among us, began to turn us over one after another, as on the former occasion, and to feel us, until one pleased him; whereupon he seized him, and did with him as he did with the master of the ship the day before. He roasted him and ate him upon that mastabah, and ceased not to sleep that night, making a noise with his throat like a slaughtered animal; and when the day came he arose and went his way, leaving us as usual. Upon this we assembled together and conversed, and said one to another, By Allah, if we cast ourselves into the sea and die drowned, it will be better than our dying burnt, for this mode of being put to death is abominable! And one of us said, Hear my words. Verily we will contrive a stratagem against him and kill him, and be at ease from apprehension of his purpose and relieve the Muslims from his oppression and tyranny.—So I said to them, Hear, O my brothers. If we must kill him, we will

transport this wood and remove some of this firewood, and make for ourselves rafts, each to bear three men; after which we will contrive a stratagem to kill him, and embark on the rafts and proceed over the sea to whatsoever place God shall desire. Or we will remain in this place until a ship shall pass by, when we will embark in it. And if we be not able to kill him we will embark [on our rafts] and put out to sea, and if we be drowned we shall be preserved from being roasted over the fire and from being slaughtered. If we escape, we escape; and if we be drowned, we die martyrs.—To this they all replied, By Allah, this is a right opinion and a wise proceeding. And we agreed upon this matter and commenced the work. We removed the pieces of wood out of the pavilion and constructed rafts, attached them to the sea-shore, and stowed upon them some provisions; after which we returned to the pavilion.

And when it was evening, lo, the earth trembled with us, and the black came in to us like the biting dog. He turned us over and felt us, one after another, and having taken one of us, did with him as he had done with the others before him. He ate him and slept upon the mastabah, and the noise from his throat was like thunder. So thereupon we arose and took two iron spits of those which were set up, and put them in the fierce fire until they were red-hot and became like burning coals, when we grasped them firmly and went with them to that black while he lay asleep snoring, and we thrust them

into his eyes, all of us pressing upon them with our united strength and force. Thus we pushed them into his eyes as he slept and his eyes were destroyed, and he uttered a great cry, whereat our hearts were terrified. Then he arose resolutely from that mastabah and began to search for us, while we fled from him to the right and left, and he saw us not; for his sight was blinded; but we feared him with a violent fear and made sure, in that time, of destruction, and despaired of safety. And upon this he sought the door, feeling for it, and went forth from it, crying out, while we were in the utmost fear of him; and lo, the earth shook beneath us by reason of the vehemence of his cry. So when he went forth from the pavilion we followed him, and he went his way, searching for us. Then he returned, accompanied by a female greater than he, and more hideous in form: and when we beheld him, and her who was with him, more horrible than he in appearance, we were in the utmost fear. As soon as the female saw us we hastily loosed the rafts that we had constructed and embarked on them, and pushed them forth into the sea. But each of the two blacks had a mass of rock, and they cast at us until the greater number of us died from the casting, there remaining of us only three persons, I and two others, and the raft conveyed us to another island.

We walked forward upon that island until the close of the day, and the night overtook us in this state; so we slept a little; and we awoke from our sleep,

and lo, a serpent of enormous size, of large body and wide belly, had surrounded us. It approached one of us and swallowed him to his shoulders: then it swallowed the rest of him, and we heard his ribs break in pieces in its belly; after which it went its way. At this we wondered extremely, and we mourned for our companion, and were in the utmost fear for ourselves, saying, By Allah, this is a wonderful thing! Every death that we witness is more horrible than the preceding one! We were rejoiced at our escape from the black, but our joy is not complete! There is no strength nor power but in God! By Allah, we have escaped from the black and from drowning; but how shall we escape from this unlucky serpent?—Then we arose and walked on over the island, eating of its fruits and drinking of its rivers, and we ceased not to proceed till morning, when we found a great lofty tree. So we climbed up it and slept upon it, I having ascended to the highest of its branches. But when the night arrived and it was dark, the serpent came, looking to the right and left, and advancing to the tree upon which we were, came up to my companion and swallowed him to his shoulders; and it wound itself round the tree with him and I heard his bones break in pieces in its belly; then it swallowed him entirely, while I looked on, after which it descended from the tree and went its way.—I remained upon the tree the rest of the night, and when the day came and the light appeared, I descended from the tree like one dead by reason of excessive fear and

terror, and desired to cast myself into the sea that I might be at rest from the world, but it was not a light matter to me to do so, for life is dear. So I tied a wide piece of wood upon the soles of my feet, crosswise, and I tied one like it upon my left side, and a similar one upon my right side, and a similar one upon the front of my body, and I tied one long and wide upon the top of my head, crosswise, like that which was under the soles of my feet. Thus I was in the midst of these pieces of wood, and they enclosed me on every side. I bound them tightly, and threw myself with the whole upon the ground; so I lay in the midst of the pieces of wood, which enclosed me like a closet. And when the evening arrived the serpent approached as it was wont and saw me, and drew towards me; but it could not swallow me when I was in that state, with the pieces of wood round me on every side. It went round me, but could not come at me; and I looked at it, being like a dead man, by reason of the violence of my fear and terror. The serpent retired from me and returned to me; and thus it ceased not to do: every time that it desired to get at me to swallow me, the pieces of wood tied upon me on every side prevented it. It continued to do thus from sunset until daybreak arrived and the light appeared and the sun rose, when it went its way in the utmost vexation and rage. Upon this, therefore, I stretched forth my hands and loosed myself from those pieces of wood, in a state like that of the dead, through the

severity of that which I had suffered from that serpent.

I then arose and walked along the island until I came to the extremity of it, when I cast a glance towards the sea and beheld a ship at a distance in the midst of the deep. So I took a great branch of a tree and made a sign with it to the passengers, calling out to them; and when they saw me they said, We must see what this is. Perhaps it is a man.—Then they approached me and heard my cries to them. They therefore came to me and took me with them in the ship, and asked me respecting my state: so I informed them of all that had happened to me from beginning to end, and of the troubles that I had suffered; whereat they wondered extremely. They clad me with some of their clothes, attiring me decently; and after that they put before me some provisions, and I ate until I was satisfied. They also gave me to drink some cool and sweet water, and my heart was revived, my soul became at ease, and I experienced great comfort. God (whose name be exalted!) had raised me to life after my death: so I praised Him (exalted be His name!) for His abundant favours, and thanked Him. My courage was strengthened after I had made sure of destruction, so that it seemed to me that all which I then experienced was a dream.

TRANSLATED BY EDWARD LANE.

THE OLD SHIPS

I HAVE seen old ships sail like swans asleep
Beyond the village which men still call Tyre,
With leaden age o'ercargoed, dipping deep
For Famagusta and the hidden sun
That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire;
And all those ships were certainly so old,
Who knows how oft with squat and noisy gun
Questing brown slaves or Syrian oranges,
The pirate Genoese
Hell-raked them till they rolled
Blood, water, fruit, and corpses up the hold!
But now through friendly seas they softly run,
Painted the mid-sea blue or shore-sea green,
Still patterned with the vine and grapes in gold.
But I have seen
Pointing her shapely shadows from the dawn,
An image tumbled on a rose-swept bay,
A drowsy ship of some yet older day;
And, wonder's breath indrawn,
Thought I—who knows—who knows—but in that same
(Fished up beyond Aeaea, patched up new
—Stern painted brighter blue)
That talkative, bald-headed seaman came
(Twelve patient comrades sweating at the oar)
From Troy's doom-crimson shore,
And with great lies about his wooden horse,

Set the crew laughing, and forgot his course.
It was so old a ship—who knows, who knows?
—And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain
To see the mast burst open with a rose,
And the whole deck put on its leaves again.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER.

BEING ASHORE

IN the nights, in the winter nights, in the nights of storm when the wind howls, it is then that I feel the sweet of it. Aha, I say, you howling catamount, I say, you may blow, wind, and crack your cheeks for all I care. Then I listen to the noise of the elm trees and to the creak in the old floorings, and, aha, I say, you whining rantipoles, you may crack and you may creak, but here I shall lie till daylight.

There is a solid comfort in a roaring storm ashore here. But on a calm day, when it is raining, when it is muddy underfoot, when the world is the colour of a drowned rat, one calls to mind more boisterous days, the days of effort and adventure; and wasn't I a fool, I say, to come ashore to a life like this life. And I was surely daft, I keep saying, to think the sea as bad as I always thought it. And if I were in a ship now, I say, I wouldn't be doing what I 'm trying to do. And, ah! I say, if I 'd but stuck to the

sea I 'd have been a third in a Cunard, or perhaps a second in a P.S.N. coaster. I wouldn't be hunched at a desk, I say, but I 'd be up on a bridge—up on a bridge with a helmsman, feeling her do fifteen knots.

It is at such times that I remember the good days, the exciting days, the days of vehement and spirited living. One day stands out, above nearly all my days, as a day of joy.

We were at sea off the River Plate, running south like a stag. The wind had been slowly freshening for twenty-four hours, and for one whole day we had whitened the sea like a battleship. Our run for the day had been two hundred and seventy-one knots, which we thought a wonderful run, though it has, of course, been exceeded by many ships. For this ship it was an exceptional run. The wind was on the quarter, her best point of sailing, and there was enough wind for a glutton. Our captain had the reputation of being a 'cracker-on', and on this one occasion he drove her till she groaned. For that one wonderful day we staggered and swooped, and bounded in wild leaps, and burrowed down and shivered, and anon rose up shaking. The wind roared up aloft and boomed in the shrouds, and the sails bellied out as stiff as iron. We tore through the sea in great jumps—there is no other word for it. She seemed to leap clear from one green roaring ridge to come smashing down upon the next. I have been in a fast steamer—a very fast turbine steamer—doing more than twenty knots, but she gave me no

sense of great speed. In this old sailing ship the joy of the hurry was such that we laughed and cried aloud. The noise of the wind booming, and the clack, clack, clack of the sheet-blocks, and the ridged seas roaring past us, and the groaning and whining of every block and plank, were like tunes for a dance. We seemed to be tearing through it at ninety miles an hour. Our wake whitened and broadened, and rushed away aft in a creamy fury. We were running here, and hurrying there, taking a small pull of this, and getting another inch of that, till we were weary. But as we hauled we sang and shouted. We were possessed of the spirits of the wind. We could have danced and killed each other. We were in an ecstasy. We were possessed. We half believed that the ship would leap from the waters and hurl herself into the heavens, like a winged god. Over her bows came the sprays in showers of sparkles. Her foresail was wet to the yard. Her scuppers were brooks. Her swing-ports spouted like cataracts. Recollect, too, that it was a day to make your heart glad. It was a clear day, a sunny day, a day of brightness and splendour. The sun was glorious in the sky. The sky was of a blue unspeakable. We were tearing along across a splendour of sea that made you sing. Far as one could see there was the water shining and shaking. Blue it was, and green it was, and of a dazzling brilliance in the sun. It rose up in hills and in ridges. It smashed into a foam, and roared. It towered up again and toppled. It mounted and

shook in a rhythm, in a tune, in a music. One could have flung one's body to it as a sacrifice, one longed to be in it, to be a part of it, to be beaten and banged by it. It was a wonder and a glory and a terror. It was a triumph, it was royal, to see that beauty.

And later, after a day of it, as we sat below, we felt our mad ship taking yet wilder leaps, bounding over yet more boisterous hollows, and shivering and exulting in every inch of her. She seemed filled with a fiery, unquiet life. She seemed inhuman, glorious, spiritual. One forgot that she was man's work. We forgot that we were men. She was alive, immortal, furious. We were her minions and servants. We were the star-dust whirled in the train of the comet. We banged our plates with the joy we had in her. We sang and shouted, and called her the glory of the seas.

There is an end to human glory. 'Greatness a period hath, no sta-ti-on.' The end to our glory came when, as we sat at dinner, the door swung back from its hooks and a mate in oil-skins bade us come on deck 'without stopping for our clothes'. It was time. She was carrying no longer; she was dragging. To windward the sea was blotted in a squall. The line of the horizon was masked in a grey film. The glory of the sea had given place to greyness and grimness. Her beauty had become savage. The music of the wind had changed to a howl as of hounds.

And then we began to 'take it off her', to snug

her down, to check her in her stride. We went to the clewlines and clewed the royals up. Then it was, 'Up there, you boys, and make the royals fast'.

My royal was the mizen-royal, a rag of a sail among the clouds, a great grey rag, which was leaping and slatting a hundred and sixty feet above me. The wind beat me down against the shrouds, it banged me and beat me, and blew the tears from my eyes. It seemed to lift me up the futtocks into the top, and up the topmast rigging to the cross-trees. In the cross-trees I learned what wind was.

It came roaring past with a fervour and a fury which struck me breathless. I could only look aloft to the yard I was bound for and heave my panting body up the rigging. And there was the mizen-royal. There was the sail I had come to furl. And a wonder of a sight it was. It was blowing and bellying in the wind, and leaping around 'like a drunken colt', and flying over the yard, and thrashing and flogging. It was roaring like a bull with its slatting and thrashing. The royal mast was bending to the strain of it. To my eyes it was buckling like a piece of whalebone. I lay out on the yard, and the sail hit me in the face and knocked my cap away. It beat me and banged me, and blew from my hands. The wind pinned me flat against the yard, and seemed to be blowing all my clothes to shreds. I felt like a king, like an emperor. I shouted aloud with the joy of that 'rastle' with the sail. Forward of me was the main mast, with another lad, fighting another royal; and

beyond him was yet another, whose sail seemed tied in knots. Below me was the ship, a leaping mad thing, with little silly figures, all heads and shoulders, pulling silly strings along the deck. There was the sea, sheer under me, and it looked grey and grim, and streaked with the white of our smother.

Then with a lashing swish, the rain-squall caught us. It beat down the sea. It blotted out the view. I could see nothing more but grey, driving rain, grey spouts of rain, grey clouds which burst rain, grey heavens which opened and poured rain. Cold rain. Icy-cold rain. Rain which drove the dye out of my shirt till I left blue tracks where I walked. For the next two hours I was clewing up, and furling, and snugging her down. By nightfall we were under our three lower topsails and a reefed fore-course. The next day we were hove-to under a weather cloth.

There are varieties of happiness; and, to most of us, that variety called excitement is the most attractive. On a grey day such as this, with the grass rotting in the mud, the image and memory of that variety are a joy to the heart. They are a joy for this, if for no other reason. They teach us that a little thing, a very little thing, a capful of wind even, is enough to make us exult in, and be proud of, our parts in the pageant of life.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

A PASSER-BY

WHITHER, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,
Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,
That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,
Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest?
Ah! soon, when Winter has all our vales opprest,
When skies are cold and misty, and hail is hurling,
Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific, or rest
In a summer haven asleep, thy white sails furling.

I there before thee, in the country that well thou knowest,
Already arrived, am inhaling the odorous air:
I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest,
And anchor queen of the strange shipping there,
Thy sails for awnings spread, thy masts bare:
Nor is aught, from the foaming reef to the snow-capped grandest
Peak that is over the feathery palms, more fair
Than thou, so upright, so stately and still thou standest.

And yet, O splendid ship, unhailed and nameless,
I know not if, aiming a fancy, I rightly divine
That thou hast a purpose joyful, a courage blameless,
Thy port assured in a happier land than mine.

But for all I have given thee, beauty enough is thine,
As thou, aslant with trim tackle and shrouding,
From the proud nostril curve of a prow's line
In the offing scatterest foam, thy white sails crowding.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

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